

The American Girl

20c a copy

AUGUST

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

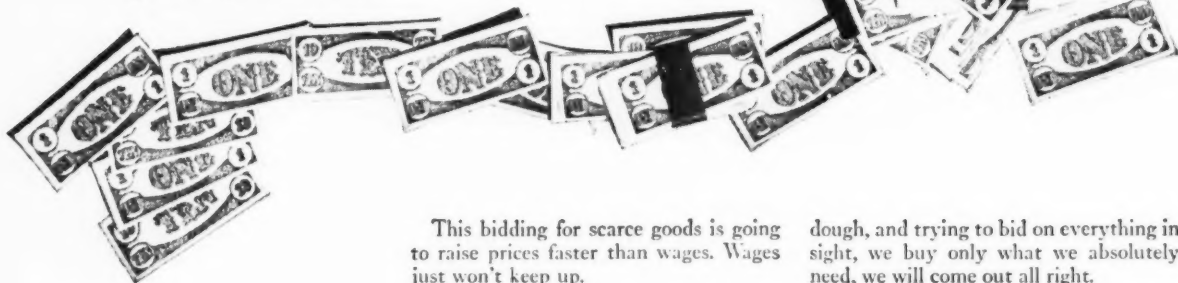
1943



100,000 COPIES
GUARANTEED
CIRCULATION

IF YOU'RE MAKING MORE MONEY

...WATCH OUT!



WE WANT TO WARN YOU, before you read this page, that you've got to use your head to understand it.

We also want to warn you that—if you don't bother to read it carefully enough to understand it—you may wake up after this war as poor as a church mouse.

This year Americans are going to make—minus taxes—125 billion dollars.



But this year, we civilians are not going to have 125 billion dollars' worth of goods to spend this on. We're only going to have 80 billion dollars' worth. The rest of our goods are being used to fight the war.

That leaves 45 billion dollars' worth of money burning in our jeans.

Well, we can do 2 things with this 45 billion dollars. One will make us all poor after the war. The other way will make us decently prosperous.

This way the 45 billion dollars will make us poor

If each of us should take his share of this 45 billion dollars (which averages approximately \$330 per person) and hustle out to buy all he could with it—what would happen is what happens at an auction where every farmer there wants a horse that's up for sale.

If we tried to buy all we wanted, we would bid the prices of things up and up and up. Instead of paying \$10 for a dress we're going to pay \$15. Instead of \$5 for a pair of shoes we're going to pay \$8.

This bidding for scarce goods is going to raise prices faster than wages. Wages just won't keep up.

So what will people do?

U. S. workers will ask for more money. Since labor is scarce, a lot of them will get it. Then farmers and business men who



feel the pinch are going to ask more money for their goods.

And prices will go *still higher*. And the majority of us will be in that same old spot again—only worse.

This is what is known as Inflation.

Our government is doing a lot of things to keep prices down... rationing the scarcest goods, putting ceiling prices on things, stabilizing wages, increasing taxes.



But the government can't do the *whole* job. So let's see what *we* can do about it.

This way the 45 billion dollars will make us prosperous

If, instead of running out with our extra

dough, and trying to bid on everything in sight, we buy only what we absolutely need, we will come out all right.

If, for instance, we put this money into (1) Taxes; (2) War Bonds; (3) Paying off old debts; (4) Life Insurance; and (5) The Bank, we don't bid up the prices of goods at all. And if besides doing this we (6) refuse to pay more than the ceiling prices; and (7) ask no more for what we have to sell—no more in wages, no more for goods—*prices stay where they are now*.

And we pile up a bank account. We have our family protected in case we die. We have War Bonds that'll make the down payment on a new house after the war, or help us retire some day. And we don't have taxes after the war that practically strangle us.



Maybe, doing this sounds as if it isn't fun. But being shot at up at the front isn't fun, either. You have a duty to those soldiers as well as to yourself. You *can't* let the money that's burning a hole in your pocket start setting the country on fire.

★ ★ ★

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this Magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up
Wear it out
Make it do
Or do without

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for AUGUST, 1943

Cover Design	Gertrude Howe
The Pet—From a painting by John Thomas Peele, A.N.A.	4

STORIES

Smoke Jumper—Margaret McKay. Illustrated by Corinne Malvern	5
Judy Jessup, Good Soldier—Elizabeth Honness. Illustrated by Edward Shenton	11
Meet the Malones, VI—Lenora Mattingly Weber. Illustrated by Gertrude Howe	16

ARTICLES

Let's Be Catty—Randolph Bartlett. Illustrated with photographs	8
Functional Swimming—Dorothy S. Vickery, American Red Cross. Illustrated with photographs	14

POETRY

Runaway—Frances Frost. Decoration by Lloyd J. Dotterer	19
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GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

"Under the Flying White Clouds"	20
Girl Scouts Reporting for Duty—with the Family	22

DEPARTMENTS

In Step with the Times—Latrobe Carroll	26	Laugh and Grow Scout	35
What's On the Screen?	28	American Painters Series, LVI—John	
A Penny for Your Thoughts	32	Thomas Peele, A.N.A.—M. C.	38

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For biographical note, see page 38

Photograph by courtesy of National Academy Galleries

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THE PET *Painted by* JOHN THOMAS PEELE, A.N.A.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

AUGUST • 1943

SMOKE JUMPER

By MARGARET McKAY

"If you have it to do, you do it"—the story of a girl who did not falter when a dangerous job had to be done

AND always be sure you have your rope in that pocket before you go up."

Roberta Tolson, sitting on the steps of the equipment shed, overheard and smiled to herself at her brother's earnest tones. She murmured half aloud in affectionate mimicry, "Because it wouldn't be any fun to find yourself in a treetop without your rope to swing yourself down."

She continued to listen to Tom's voice. "Above all, remember to count three before you pull the cord. And the instant you hit the ground, grab off your headgear and look up at the plane. Get that? You look at the *plane*, not the fire. Keep your eye peeled for the tool kit because the pilot is going to drop it, the minute he sees you've landed safely. Speed is the most important word in fire fighting—never forget that."

How often had she heard those words! Certainly every time she had come to the airfield for her brother the last two weeks. Surely Walt must know it all by heart now and perhaps might even resent Tom's patient reiteration—though of course it was terribly important that the inexperienced Walt, who was to take Tom's place as parachute jumper in the Forest Service, should know thoroughly every detail of the perilous calling.

The two boys came to the top of the steps, Tom still talking. "Keep a cool head and you'll be all right. Oh, hello, Sis! I didn't know you'd come."

Walt nodded and asked politely, "Been waiting long?"

"Long enough to learn all about smoke jumping," answered Roberta. "Always remember—"



ROBERTA TAGGED ALONG, TRYING NOT TO FEEL OUT OF IT. ARLENE GAZED AT BILL WITH A RAFT EXPRESSION

Walt raised a protesting hand. "Hold it!" he cried. "If I'm not the best smoke jumper in the Service, it won't be your brother's fault."

Tom grinned and clapped Walt on the back. "Keep your nerve and you'll be okay. I had to rub it in a bit today because it's the last lesson."

"Oh, Tom! Have you heard from the draft board?" faltered Roberta.

Tom nodded. "I stopped at the post office on the way over with Bill this morning. Got to leave day after tomorrow."

Walt said, "Well, so long!" and went off across the field. Tom looked after him, his heavy black eyebrows drawn into a frown.

"I wish I felt better about Walt," he remarked. "He just doesn't snap into it the way he should."

Roberta tried to keep the tremor out of her voice. "Day after tomorrow," she murmured. "How'll I ever get your clothes ready? Did Bill get his notice, too?"

"No," replied her brother. "And, by the way, I've asked him to have supper with us tonight. That okay with you?"

"Of course." But even as she spoke, Roberta thought ruefully of the warmed-over stew she had planned for supper. Ever since she had been helping out, three hours a day, at Martin's store, housekeeping tasks had had to be reduced to a minimum. Well, it wouldn't be the first time, that Bill Courtney had shared potluck with them. With hot biscuits and sliced tomatoes, there would be plenty to eat.

"Here comes Bill now," said Tom. He was looking up at a speck in the sky.

The sun had gone down behind the mountains. The long line of ridge, jagged peak, and fantastic dome which marks the Cascade Range in the Chelan National Forest stood out as hard and clear against the pale sky as a child's drawing on white paper. High above it, glinting in the sun, soared a tiny, bird-like plane.

It descended rapidly, seemed for a moment to skim along the very rim of the mountains. Then it disappeared altogether, emerging presently much nearer, its motor now audible. Soon it was circling almost directly overhead. Tom and Roberta watched the light craft swoop down, glide scarcely a foot above the ground, then land as lightly as a feather.

"Bill sure can grease 'em on!" exclaimed Tom admiringly. Pilot Bill Courtney, though only nineteen, was one of the best fire scouts in the region. He climbed out of his plane now and waved a greeting to the brother and sister. "I'll be right along," he called. "You start on."

By the time Tom and Roberta, in their old Ford, had reached the bend on Dead Man's Hill, Bill was close behind them in his rattletap car.

As they turned into the highway they saw a large cream-colored sedan drawn up beside the road. Near it stood a girl in evident distress.

"Ha!" exclaimed Tom. "Summer girl—car trouble!"

He drew over to the right and stopped. Bill did likewise. The girl ran across to them. "I've had a blowout," she said, "and I don't know what to do. If I drive on, it will cut the tire all to pieces."

"Got a spare?" asked Tom briskly.

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, don't worry. We'll fix you up in a jiffy."

He and Bill walked over to the sedan. The girl looked at Roberta and smiled.

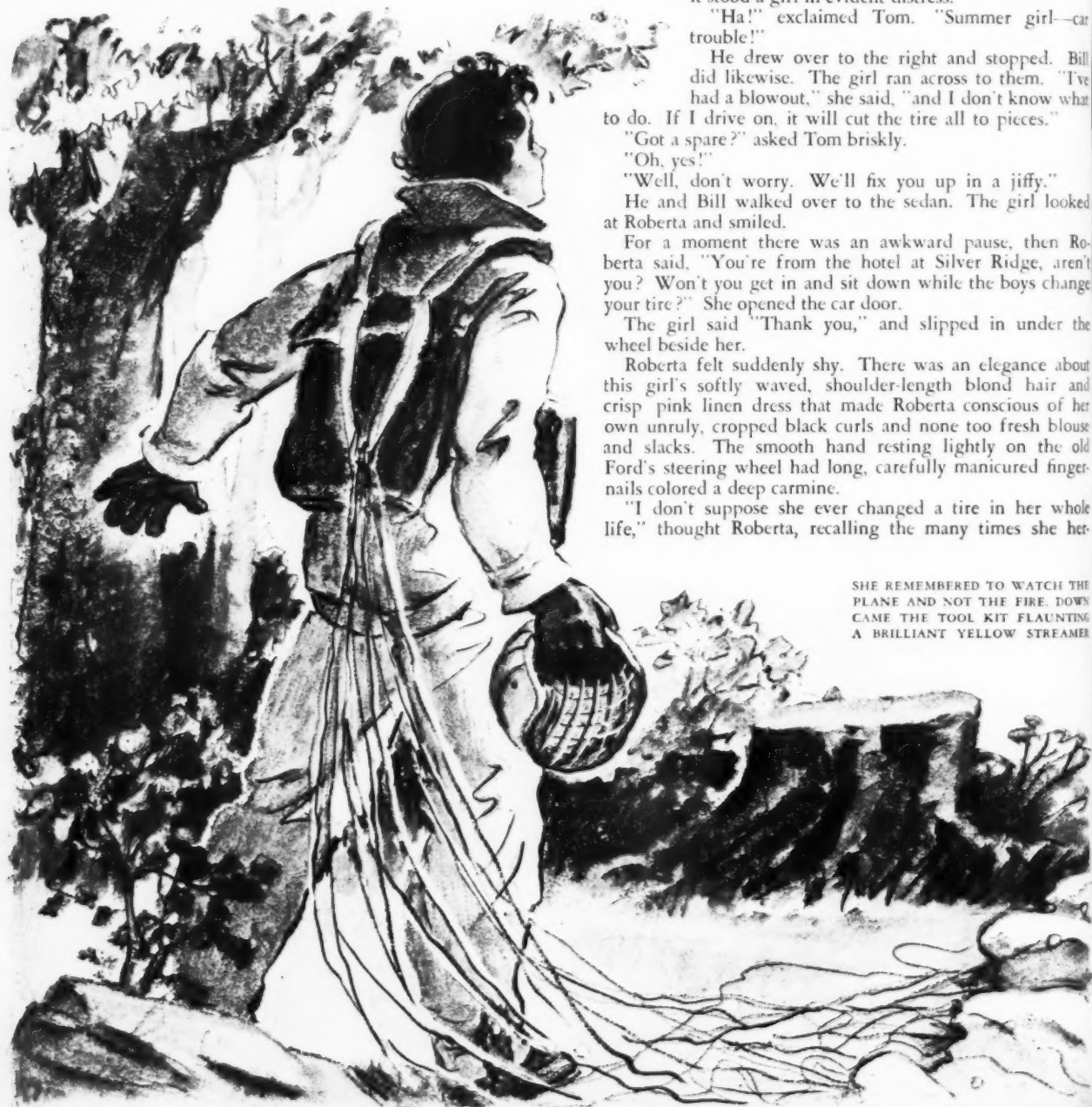
For a moment there was an awkward pause, then Roberta said, "You're from the hotel at Silver Ridge, aren't you? Won't you get in and sit down while the boys change your tire?" She opened the car door.

The girl said "Thank you," and slipped in under the wheel beside her.

Roberta felt suddenly shy. There was an elegance about this girl's softly waved, shoulder-length blond hair and crisp pink linen dress that made Roberta conscious of her own unruly, cropped black curls and none too fresh blouse and slacks. The smooth hand resting lightly on the old Ford's steering wheel had long, carefully manicured fingernails colored a deep carmine.

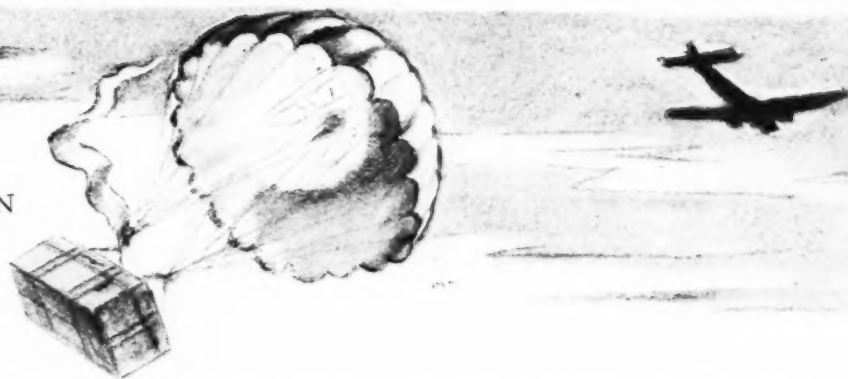
"I don't suppose she ever changed a tire in her whole life," thought Roberta, recalling the many times she her-

SHE REMEMBERED TO WATCH THE PLANE AND NOT THE FIRE. DOWN CAME THE TOOL KIT FLAUNTING A BRILLIANT YELLOW STREAMER



Illustrated by

CORINNE MALVERN



self had performed that ritual. "She wouldn't risk breaking those immaculate nails."

"Do you live around here?" asked the girl.

Roberta roused herself. "Yes—that is, my brother and I stay in Winona during college vacation. He is a smoke jumper and I keep house for him. We have a tiny bungalow next door to some old family friends who keep an eye on us. In the winter I live with an aunt in Wenatchee and go to high school."

"Smoke jumper—what's that?"

"A parachute jumper who fights forest fires," explained Roberta. She forgot her shyness. The girl seemed really interested. "When there's a forest fire so far from the Ranger Station that a ground crew can't get to it quickly, they telephone—or radio—the airfield here, and Tom is flown by plane to the place and parachutes down to the fire and puts it out."

"He does?" exclaimed the girl. She looked with awe at the two boys, busy across the road. "Which is your brother?"

"The dark one."

"What does the other one do?"

Roberta explained Bill's job as pilot and fire scout.

"How perfectly thrilling! But tell me—you said, 'They telephone to the airfield.' Who are 'they'?" persisted the girl.

"Why," answered Roberta, "the fire guard in some lookout on a mountaintop. There are lots of them all through the forests, you know."

The ice was broken by this time and the two girls chatted at ease. The summer girl, whose name was Arlene Weymouth, was sixteen and lived in Detroit. "I love it here," she said, "and I do hope we can come back next summer. But probably we can't, with gas and tires the way they are."

"By next summer," mused Roberta, speaking her thought aloud. "Bill as well as Tom will probably be in the Army."

Both girls were silent a moment, startled into consciousness of the war. Bill crossed the road, dusting off his hands.

"Presto—voilà—c'est fini!" he said with a flourish.

"Thank you so much," exclaimed Arlene, turning a radiant smile upon him. "Roberta's been telling me about your work, and I think it's wonderful."

Bill grinned and opened the door for her. She ran across the highway to Tom, who was replacing the jack and wrench in the tool box of the big sedan.

Bill followed, saying eagerly, "Why not let me take your tire in to Winona to be repaired? You can pick it up tomorrow."

"That would be wonderful, but won't it be an awful lot of trouble?" She looked at him anxiously with her big, blue eyes.

"No trouble at all," answered Bill. He rolled the heavy wheel across the road and hoisted it on to the rear of his ramshackle machine. Then he strolled back to the big car.

Roberta went over and joined the group. "But aren't you afraid to jump?" Arlene was asking Tom.

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "It's my business," he replied. "It wouldn't matter if I were afraid—I'd have it to do. It's a bit hard at first, but you can get used to anything, you know."

Arlene looked at him in frank admiration. Then she said, "But afterwards, how do you get back?"

"Walk."

"Walk? Alone—through all that forest?"

Tom nodded, and Roberta laughed at the astonishment in the girl's face. "Tom wasn't an Eagle Scout for nothing," she said.

Then Tom explained that a smoke jumper's training includes woodcraft, and his equipment includes everything from a compass and hatchet to a two-way radio set.

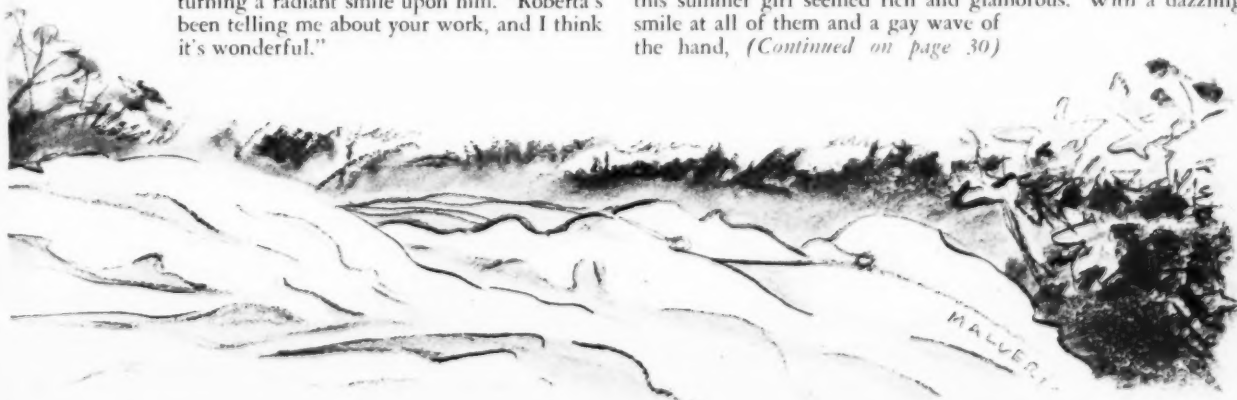
Arlene was silent a moment. "But your parachute—suppose it gets caught in a tree or something?" she asked.

"In that case, I just leave it. One of the rangers, or maybe a telephone linesman, is sure to find it and bring it in."

"You see," put in Bill, laughing, "we're just like Indians out in this country."

"You certainly are! It's just like *The Last of the Mohicans*," said Arlene and turned to get into her car.

Tom opened the door for her and closed it. The big door gave off that deep, sumptuous, muffled click that expensive car doors always make. Roberta thought of the tinny bang their old car door made when one tried to close it. Everything about this summer girl seemed rich and glamorous. With a dazzling smile at all of them and a gay wave of the hand, (Continued on page 30)





LET'S BE CATTY



IF ANYONE calls you catty, just say "Thank you" as prettily as you can and try not to be smug. For much too long a time, this feline epithet has been misused to describe girls and women who say unkind things about their acquaintances. For example, there was a certain movie actress who had a reputation for being a malicious gossip, and one day while having lunch with a friend she ordered a glass of milk. "Wouldn't you like it served in a saucer?" the friend asked.

But you never heard of a cat making mean remarks. It will avoid or attack what it does not like, but it will not try to undermine the enemy's reputation. In all respects it is an admirable creature, and the term "catty" really should mean beautiful, graceful, dignified, fastidious, brave, home-loving, intelligent, self-sufficient, friendly, loyal—but let us be specific and look at the record to see what cats have done and what they have been in their relations with mankind.

The cat family is one of the oldest in the world, and the superiority of the tribe may well be the result of this long and honorable lineage, its wisdom the accumulation of countless centuries. William B. Scott, a Princeton professor, has estimated that the cat had its origin thirty-five million years ago, and that it was a big, slow-moving creature with long fangs, that frequently got stuck in the tar lakes of the Pacific Coast. "Slow-moving" sounds like a sneer, but there was no use moving fast in those days. There was no place to go.

Cats were worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, the cat-goddess Pasht, Bast, or Bubastis, as she was alternatively called, being one of the principal deities. When the Persian king, Cambyses, invaded Egypt in 525 B.C., it is said that he provided each of his soldiers with a cat, and his army advanced upon the



Photographs by Edwin Way Teale

By
**RANDOLPH
BARTLETT**

ABOVE: TWO PUPPIES, ADDED TO A FAMILY OF FIVE KITTENS BY A MOTHERLY CAT, POSE FOR THEIR PHOTOGRAPH

Photograph by Arthur Fellig

LEFT: A NICE, TAME TABBY IS AS MUCH AT HOME IN THE BRANCHES OF A TREE AS HER COUSIN, THE TAWNY WILDCAT



A THREE-MONTH-OLD KITTEN SPARRING WITH A SHEPHERD DOG WHOSE KINDLY INDULGENCE PERMITS SUCH LIBERTIES



Photograph by World Telegram

Egyptians at Pelusium, each warrior holding one of the animals in front of him. Rather than injure the sacred felines, the story goes, the Egyptians fled. Another version has it that Cambyes besieged Memphis and had thousands of cats flung over the walls of the city, which so upset the Egyptians that, in the confusion, the Persians entered the city almost unopposed.

But don't you believe a word of it! By 252 B.C. the Egyptian worship of the cat had died out. Moreover, how was an army, crossing hundreds of miles of desert on its way from Persia, to pick up several thousand cats?

Not only in Egypt were cats held in high regard. In Norse mythology, they were the companions of Freya (Friday was named for her) and

TOP: THIS BABY SQUIRREL WAS ORPHANED WHEN ITS MOTHER MET DEATH UNDER A CAR. A MOTHER CAT WITH FOUR OF HER OWN TO FEED WELCOMED THE WILD BABY

TOP RIGHT: A MIDNIGHT BEAUTY PROTECTIVELY HOLDS HER TINY UGLY DUCKLING WHO MAY GROW UP WITH MOTHER'S GOOD LOOKS

RIGHT: TAILS PERKILY IN AIR, FOUR KITTENS FOLLOW MOTHER'S LONG, BLACK, SILKEN TAIL AS SHE LEADS THEM INTO THE WORLD



QUIVERING WITH CURIOSITY, THIS WHITE-SHOD KITTEN TRIES TO DECIDE WHETHER A PRAYING MANTIS IS FRIEND OR FOE

If anyone calls you catty, says the author, you may take it as a compliment—and then he proves his point



merrily scampered along drawing her chariot when she went about the business of being a goddess, whatever that was. Roman shields, believed to be of the period about 100 B.C., have been found, and banners, also, decorated with cat-head designs.

Let's jump a few million years. It is dusk at the great New York airport. A huge Transcontinental & Western airplane is all ready to take off for its overnight flight to California. Passengers are aboard, baggage loaded, motor tuned, weather conditions checked, when suddenly the stewardess comes running down the gangplank. "Where's Lizzie?" she calls. There is a moment of quick scurrying, hopeless gestures, the stewardess goes back to the plane, the gangplank is wheeled away, the door closed, the big plane leaves—without its mascot, Strato Lizzie, a cat that had traveled one hundred thousand miles with TWA pilots. Be reassured. The trip was made without mishap, but soon a successor to the missing Lizzie was found, and Strato Lizzie II may soon exceed her predecessor's mileage.

Photographs by Edwin Way Teale

From the age when California was a lake of tar to the age of airplanes, it is impossible to conceive of a catless world. With calm efficiency, cats have made their way through the centuries, quickly adapting themselves to whatever conditions that curious, dominant creature, man, saw fit to establish, making friends with him but only on a basis of equality, accepting his hospitality and paying for it in many ways.

The great majority of people think that the only practical value of the cat is its ability to catch mice, rats, and similar pests. Yet few realize the tremendous cash value of these

services, or their sanitary importance. They can get some facts from Mr. Guy Jossierand of Kansas.

In 1940, as State Game Commissioner, Mr. Jossierand said that the game fowls of the State were being preyed upon by cats, and announced an open season upon all felines in Kansas. The result nearly blew him out of his official office. The farmers who make up the most influential part of the population of the State informed Mr. Jossierand, in what was almost a rebellion, that if he did not withdraw his edict against cats, they would put an end to all hunting in Kansas by refusing to allow hunters to cross their farms. They said that the cats saved them millions of dollars a year by killing rats, mice, field-mice, gophers, prairie dogs, and other vermin that attack their crops. Mr. Jossierand promptly saw the light and retreated.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey spends \$3.20 a month on salmon and milk for the entertainment of its cats in the Bayonne laboratory.

Art Hollister of Tekon, Washington, says that cats saved his farm from the gophers.

The United States postal service has about twenty-five hundred cats working for it. First and second class offices are authorized to buy food for them.

A large tree nursery at Geneva, New York, keeps a big staff of cats to prevent young grapevines, hedges, bushes, and berry shrubs from being destroyed by rodents.

Charles Darwin said that many flowers would become extinct if it were not for the fact that cats destroy the field-mice which prey on the bees which spread the pollen.

Many cats seem to realize the importance of perpetuating this age-long feud between cats and mice. There was Lena, the New York Aquarium cat, who with her two sons, Rainbow and Tommy, kept the fish museum free from all minor quadrupeds. When the two kittens were young, Lena held classes for them in mouse-catching. She would bring in a live mouse and sit with the two kittens in front of her, a short distance apart, the three cats forming a triangle. Then she would release the captive. If it got past either Tommy or Rainbow, Lena would give the culprit a sound cuffing, then recapture the fugitive or bring another specimen, and repeat the lesson.

Even the law has recognized the ability of cats to suppress rats and mice. Suppose you are shipping a bag of wheat to a friend in Africa, and when it gets there the friend finds that rats have chewed holes in the sack, a lot of the wheat has been eaten, and a lot more lost through the holes. The first question asked is, was there a cat on the ship? If there was, nothing can be done about the loss. The fact that the ship had a cat aboard indicates, under maritime law, that all reasonable precautions had been taken to protect the cargo from rats. If, in spite of the cat, the cargo was damaged, it was just too bad. But if the ship carried no cat, its owners would have to pay whatever loss was incurred. In such high regard is kitty held by Justice.

Another curious provision of maritime law is that a ship shall not be considered abandoned if there is a living creature aboard. If there had been a storm which seemed to have disabled the vessel and the crew had taken to the lifeboats, normally any other ship which encountered it could claim possession on the ground that it had been

abandoned by its owners. But if, in such a case, the ship's cat, or a dog, has been left aboard, finders are not keepers. In this instance a cat is as good as a man.

These examples of the value of the feline tribe show them only following their natural instincts. The convincing proof of intelligence, however, comes when an animal, confronted by an emergency, takes a course exactly opposite the one indicated by all its instincts, especially when courage is required in so doing.

The Joseph E. Major family at Flemington, New Jersey, had found some amusement in teaching a big cat to close doors by throwing its weight against them. The night of October 7, 1921, the family was awakened by the sound of a repeated thudding on the first floor of the house. They discovered that the house was on fire, and the cat, instead of trying to escape, was hurling itself against a closed door. It had never been taught such a trick, but was using the only trick it knew in the hope of awakening the family. All lives were saved, including the cat's.

One day, in the fall of 1929, three boys, Ernest and Kenneth Lundy and Billie Dietz, of Niagara Falls, tired of their games, fell asleep in a playhouse. A candle burning in a bottle-top fell over. A cat which was in the playhouse, instead of running out, scratched the children until it wakened them and they escaped.

That same fall, Frank Hassen and his two brothers, sleeping in a small building at Middletown, New York, were awakened by a cat jumping up and down on the bed. They found that the place was afire and escaped just before the roof fell in.

On April 20, 1907, a couple living in a tenement on Monroe Street, New York, were awakened by the yowling of their cat at the bedroom door. The place was filled with gas and they barely escaped with their lives; the cat died, although it might have escaped if it had not stayed to rouse the family.

Occasionally cats have displayed the most reckless courage in defending persons whom they love. An instance came to my own knowledge of a very old cat which had lived its entire life with an elderly Mexican woman, in poor circumstances, in Los Angeles. One day a bill collector came to the door and talked to the woman in a rough voice, his manner and tone becoming increasingly offensive, almost threatening. The old cat sat watching him a few moments, switching its tail nervously, then with

a spring attacked the collector who fled, yelling for help, as the furious animal scratched his legs and ripped his trousers. The man called the police, but the publicity resulted in friends coming to the woman's assistance, and she and her cat lived more comfortably and peacefully thenceforth.

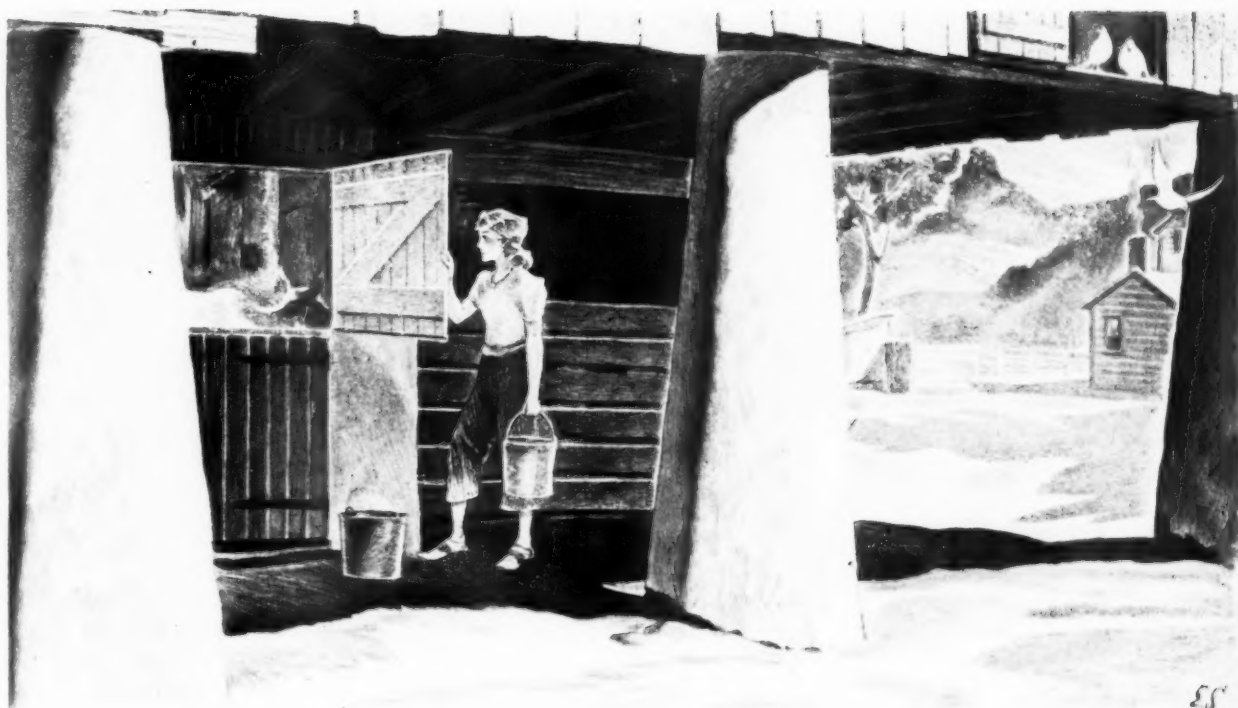
The cat's sense of danger is sometimes quite uncanny. Lewis Estes of Philadelphia, on July 27, 1939, was taking to the city pound for execution a cat and two kittens for which he decided he had no use. The three felines, with their twenty-seven doomed lives, were on the seat of his automobile beside him. There had been no unpleasantness. Suddenly the mother cat jumped into Mr. Estes's face and clawed him. He lost control of the car and it ran into a post, and the cat, followed by her kittens, ran off and were not seen again. Call it telepathy, intuition, suspicion, or perhaps the cat just didn't like automobiles—in any event, she took direct action which resulted in escape from danger.

Whitey, a Buffalo cat, got so much (Continued on page 37)



Courtesy of Transcontinental and Western Airlines

STRATO LIZZIE JR., WHO SUCCEEDED THE AIRLINE MASCOT WHO FLEW ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES



GETTING UP AT FIVE IN THE MORNING WAS TERRIBLY REAL—SO WERE ALL THE CHORES SHE HAD TO DO

JUDY JESSUP—*Good Soldier*

Judy, who gave up her summer to help on the farm, has a more exciting adventure when a plane crashes near by

By ELIZABETH HONNESS

JUDY tightened the girth on Blaze. Aunt Josie, plump, serene-faced, stood watching her with affectionate eyes. "Here, Judy, I fixed you a snack. Some bacon sandwiches and cookies and a thermos of milk. Put them in your saddlebag and find yourself a nice cool picnic spot. We won't expect you home for supper. You deserve a little relaxation this hot afternoon. You've worked real hard and I don't know what we'd have done without you."

Judy tucked the lunch into the saddlebag. "Thanks a lot, Aunt Jo."

She thrust her left foot into the stirrup and swung her right leg over Blaze's back, settling herself into the saddle and feeling the good smoothness of leather over Blaze's solid barrel. She leaned down and patted her aunt's plump cheek.

"This is going to be fun."

Aunt Josie, hands on hips, watched the girl and horse move down the tree-bordered lane, Judy's blue-jeaned figure patterned by afternoon sun and shadow as they *clip-clopped* on their way.

"The poor child needs some fun," Aunt Josie mused. "It's hard on a young-un to be cooped up with a couple of old folks like us. But she sure is handy to have around. The vegetable garden never looked better and she's helped Fred in so many ways." She sighed, then shooing the flies away from the screen door, she opened and closed it quickly as she returned to her neat kitchen.

Judy and Blaze drew up at the end of the lane where it entered the dusty country road. "Which way shall we go, Blaze? Toward the blueberry pasture?"

Blaze pawed with a forehoof as if in answer.

"Yes!" Judy wrinkled her snub nose. Its usual sprinkling of freckles had faded into the even, deep tan of the rest of her face. "I need a view. Didn't someone—Thomas Paine, I think—say

'these are the times that try men's souls'? A view is supposed to stretch the soul—and mine needs stretching right now."

She touched Blaze's glossy flank with the heel of her boot. Eagerly he responded. With her blond hair bobbing on her shoulders, Judy gave herself up to the delight of a swift trot, seeing with only half an eye the neat fields of stacked corn behind stone walls on either side of the road, the blue hills in the distance. Her thoughts turned inward.

Two months, almost, she had been with Uncle Fred and Aunt Josie. She remembered the day the letter had come asking her parents if they could spare her for the summer. Uncle Fred, like so many farmers, was having a hard time. His hired man had gone to take a factory job and all the young men in the neighborhood had either been drafted, or had enlisted, or had been lured away by higher wages in war plants.

"It's war work, like any other," wrote Uncle Fred, "to raise food for our people and the Army and our allies, but the boys want to fight, or to make more money. I can't say I blame them, but we're so short-handed here I don't see how I can harvest a crop without some help. Judy's a husky girl, and I understand she did right well with her own garden last year. If you'd let her



come to us, she could do all sorts of light chores and leave me free for the heavy work, and she'd be helping her country at the same time. She can ride Blaze when her chores are done. I'll pay her a wage, too, and she'll be company for her Aunt Jo."

Judy smiled to remember the family conclave that letter had precipitated. She herself had been eager to accept.

"But, Judy dear," her mother had remonstrated, "we know you love the farm—and your Aunt Josie and Uncle Fred are dear, fine people—but there won't be a soul your own age within miles, and after the novelty wears off you may be awfully bored and lonely. You'll miss Liz and Eleanor and the other girls, and there won't be any movies near enough to go to, now that we have gas rationing. There'll be none of your usual summer fun."

"But, Mother," Judy had protested, "think of being allowed to ride Blaze! That would make up for everything else, and I'd be earning some money, too, and I'd feel useful. Look at what John and Jane are doing!" Her eyes shone. "I'd like to feel I'm doing my share, too."

John Jessup, Judith's twenty-two-year-old brother, had been in the Army for a year, and the last letter the family had received was from New Guinea. Jane, his pretty twin, was in training for the Waacs at Fort Des Moines.

Mr. Jessup patted his daughter's shoulder, a look of pride on his face. "Your spirit does you honor, Judith," he said. "We'll not stand in the way of your doing your bit, too. Write Uncle Fred yourself and tell him you'll come."

So Judy had written the letter, and a few weeks later had bidden her friends good-by. Some of the girls expressed frank envy. Liz had said, "All the things we are doing are needed, I know, but golly, Judy, what you are going to do is *real*."

Judy had to admit to her self that "real" was the apt word. It was real, all right, to rise at five, to go out to the barn and help

Aunt Josie with the milking, the warm, fragrant breath of the cows sweet on the early morning air. She knew she would never forget the delicious smell of new hay, or the brisk clucking of the hens as the sun sent its first long rays down the valley. Then the pigs to be fed. And work in the garden, backbreaking work of weeding and spraying and cultivating, and later on the picking of the crops and helping Aunt Josie with the canning. It was fun when Uncle Fred let her drive the team that pulled the mowing machine to help with the haying; there was satisfaction in seeing things grow, and she had become attached to the farm animals, but most of her tasks were just plain hard work.

Blaze had slowed into a walk and Judy, suddenly conscious of a change in the air, nudged him with her heel into a canter. The sunlight had disappeared and black clouds were forming on old Bald Top Mountain.

"I believe it's going to rain, Blaze. Maybe we'd better turn around if we don't want to get wet." But she continued riding forward, loath to go back.

In a few moments a rumble of thunder confirmed her words. Above it Judy was conscious of another noise, the staccato cough of an airplane motor. She searched the darkening sky.

"There's a plane up there, Blaze. It sounds awfully close—it shouldn't be flying so low in these hills."

She reined Blaze to a halt and listened. The horse stood with taut ears forward. Then a rift in the dark clouds revealed the plane. It came through the gathering blackness, circling, circling.

"Why, it's trying to land!" she exclaimed. "And there's no landing field anywhere near—only woods and rocky pasture."

The sound of the plane's motor abruptly ceased and Judy, watching with horror, saw it fly straight into the hillside. The sound of the crash was blotted out by a sharp crack of thunder and big drops of rain bounced in the dust of the road.



CLIMBING UP THE WING OF THE BATTERED PLANE, SHE TOUCHED THE DAZED PILOT LIGHTLY ON THE SHOULDER

Illustrated by EDWARD SHENTON

"We've got to get there, Blaze, and help them," she said through stiff lips. "There isn't a house with a telephone for miles." She could see that the plane had overshot a bare, rocky field on a shoulder of Bald Top and had crashed into trees at its edge. It lay stilled, its wings crumpled. To Judy's quivering relief, no tongue of flame shot skyward. Then a downpour of rain obscured her view.

"There's the Dutchman's Trail. We'll have to take it. It skirts that field before it winds to the top."

Blaze, sensitive to the urgency in her voice and responsive to the kick of her heel, sprang forward. Rain was falling in gusts; tree branches swished and strained in the wind, and the drainage ditches on either side of the road were running full. The horse trembled nervously as the thunder pealed again and Judy leaned forward to pat his neck and speak soothingly to him. The rain was so dense she nearly missed the turnoff to the Dutchman's Trail, but a lucky flash of lightning picked out the gaunt, white-mottled limbs of a giant sycamore which marked the entrance to the upward path.

"Rain this heavy can't last," she thought, as she turned the horse through the break in the stone wall. She knew freak summer storms were not unusual in this mountainous region and that they were often over almost as soon as they began. She hoped this one would follow the pattern, for already her clothes were drenched and Blaze's coat was flattened and slick with water.

On other, less arduous, summers Aunt Josie and Uncle Fred had taken Judy on picnic hikes up this trail to the top of Baldy. It was steep, winding in hairpin turns up and up, revealing through breaks in the trees a lovely pastoral panorama of valley and farms below. Judy didn't think a horse had ventured it be-

fore. There were too many loose rocks and sheer drop-offs.

As they left the fields and entered the woods, the path turned upward steeply and Blaze began willingly to climb. Under the trees that arched the way the rain barely penetrated, and at the second turn, where the foliage had been cut back to permit a view, Judy saw that while it was still raining a little in the valley, the storm had practically passed over. The air had freshened, too—it was growing chilly.

Letting Blaze pause to get his wind, she thought of what she would do. Probably there would be a first aid kit in the plane. She was thankful that she had completed the Girl Scout first aid badge work in her troop at home. She prodded Blaze onward. There would be four or five turns before they reached the field as near as Judy could remember. Blaze slipped and stumbled on a loose rock. Only Judy's firm hand on the reins saved him from going to his knees.

"This is pretty hard on you, fellah," she said. "Whoa a moment, I'll get down and lead you."

She slid off and, rummaging in her saddlebag, found her scarlet sweater and put it on, and knotted a bandanna around her throat. She had not realized how chilled she had become from her drenching. Then, putting the reins over Blaze's head, she hooked them over her arm and led him onward. The exertion of climbing made her blood beat faster and, though her clothes were still wet, warmth once again pervaded her body. At one point the trail crossed a narrow log footbridge over a tiny mountain stream which fell from the heights overhead. The storm had transformed the rivulet into a foam-flecked torrent, and water cascaded in volume over the falls above. Blaze showed the whites of his eyes and balked at (Continued on page 34)



INSTRUCTION IS GIVEN IN CORRECT PADDLING TECHNIQUE AS PART OF WATER SAFETY TRAINING

FUNCTIONAL SWIMMING

An article on the new course developed by the Red Cross in co-operation with the Army and Navy, which teaches men and women in the armed forces to save their lives and the lives of others in case of aquatic emergencies

By DOROTHY S. VICKERY

American Red Cross



THE ability to swim is good insurance for fighting men—so says Commander Tom Hamilton of the Naval Air Service. If it is such, then it must be good insurance for our fighting women, too. No one who wears the uniform of any branch of the United States service is expendable by drowning if it can be prevented.

In global warfare, troops must be transported thousands of miles overseas. They must cross and recross rivers and other bodies of water. The ability to swim, or to remain afloat for long periods, may prove of utmost use at any moment.

Members of the several women's auxiliary services—better known to most of us as Waacs, Waves, Spars, and Marines, not to mention the Nurse Corps of the Army and Navy, and the women who are serving with the Red Cross overseas—are exposed to the same risks as are soldiers and sailors, except for the relatively limited combat areas, and have the same need for instruction in swimming in order to save their own lives, or the lives of others, in case of aquatic emergency. They are transported over oceans. They frequently travel long distances by air in planes which cross rivers and lakes and may be forced down on the water. Women pilots, too, making their marked contribution to the success of the Ferry Command, are subject to the same dangers.

If traveling by transport, all passengers must be prepared to abandon ship at any moment in case of attack. If disaster comes far from shore, the best swimmer in the world will have no more chance of survival than one who, though not an excellent swimmer, is able to remain afloat for a long period. There is no place to swim to, when you are fifteen hundred miles from shore! All anyone can do is to swim clear of the wreckage and then concentrate on remaining afloat until rescue comes.

For those forced down during an air journey over water the same principle applies, as it does for those stationed in foreign zones of operation, no matter where, who must be prepared to move out quickly, perhaps crossing rivers and lakes in small boats, or, possibly, swimming. A member of the women's auxiliaries who finds herself "dunked" in the middle of a stream has the same problem to meet as a soldier or sailor under like conditions: she must get to shore, if possible, with whatever equipment she may be carrying. It may be essential that she swim in absolute silence. She may have to let her equipment go, she may even have to divest herself of cumbersome

clothing while in deep water. She may have to keep herself afloat for a long time.

To meet exactly such situations, the American Red Cross, in co-operation with the armed services, during the past two years has developed a course known as "Functional Swimming and Life Saving." In the spring of 1941, the Army called on the Red Cross to conduct a series of water safety schools at different camps throughout the country. The basic thought behind this undertaking was largely to insure safe and adequate bathing areas, to teach swimming, and to train lifeguards.

However, as the training of our Army progressed and as subsequently this nation became involved in war, it was realized that swimming for recreation would have to take second place to swimming as a function in the soldier's list of skills. The problems of global warfare were analyzed and a swimming course was designed to enable the individual to meet the various situations which might be encountered during a far-flung war. Because the skills taught are all designed to meet given situations, the course was termed "Functional Swimming and Life Saving."

When the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps established a training center at Daytona Beach, Florida, one of the activities included was functional swimming. Ben Stanton, Red Cross safety specialist and an expert at training instructors, took over the direction of the courses.

With a class composed of Waac athletic officers, all of whom had had previous water safety training, he undertook to teach the finer points of swimming—not for recreation, but with the particular purpose of providing the necessary skills to save their own and, if necessary, a companion's life in the water, if they should be called upon to face such an emergency while serving in Uncle Sam's uniform. He taught them how to jump feet foremost from heights of twenty to twenty-five feet, how to swim in full uniform, how to float in order to conserve energy, how to swim with one arm in a sling and without using the legs. Furthermore, he went into the business of "shirt-tail" life saving, whereby pillow slips, duffel bags, knotted slacks, and other improvised life buoys are used to keep a person afloat.

At the conclusion of the course, class members were able to swim fully clothed for a distance of two hundred yards or more, using the breast or side stroke; to swim, float, and tread water in a restricted area, fully clothed, for ten continuous minutes, a

feat much more difficult than most of us realize; to swim, fully clothed, for a distance of fifty yards, using the elementary back stroke; and to plunge and swim under water fully clothed for a distance of forty-five feet. Furthermore, they were able to tow a victim of equal weight, or even heavier, for at least sixty feet, using either the collar or wrist tow, both rescuer and victim being fully clothed. With their knowledge of artificial respiration, they were also able to revive those apparently drowned.

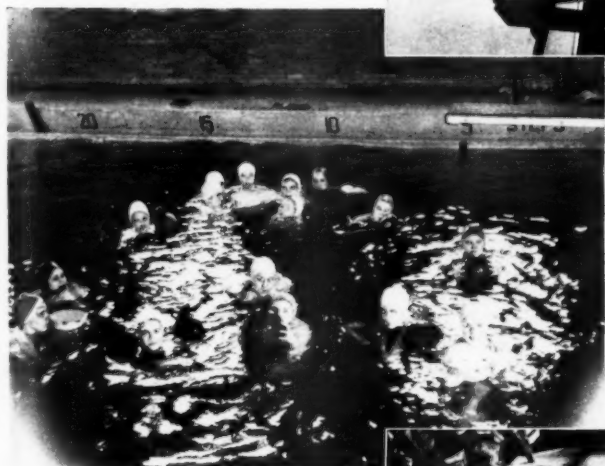
Those who have had instruction in the course know how to apply these skills under many different conditions. If they should ever have to swim through burning oil or gasoline, they have learned the best way of going about it. They know how to rid themselves of shoes, skirt, blouse, or coat in deep water; how to inflate slacks, the legs of which have been knotted, and duffel bags, and use them as life preservers. In other words, they are prepared to take care of themselves in almost any aquatic situation and, what is more, each one is qualified as an instructor in her own right and is prepared to teach others how to do likewise.

Although this instruction is going on at an increasing rate at camps and Naval stations throughout the country, one handicap is the time element.

Only about ten per cent of the men and women entering the Army and Navy are good swimmers. Of the remaining ninety per cent, approximately half are unable to swim at all, while the others can keep themselves afloat only under ideal conditions and for a short period. Because of these facts, it is impossible to teach them all.

To remedy this situation, the Red Cross this spring announced it would make functional swimming and life saving instruction available to all people seventeen years of age, or over, who are facing induction, or contemplating enlistment. With permanent

staffs of water safety instructors in more than one hundred chapter areas, with a field staff operating under the national organization of the Red Cross composed of more than one hundred and fifty water safety instructors, with a total of approximately fifteen thousand such Red Cross instructors in all parts of the country, the Red Cross is receiving the co-operation of schools, clubs, municipalities, and other organizations able to provide swimming facilities. Classes have been held and new ones are being formed throughout the swimming season—and with the approach of winter it is anticipated that many classes will be conducted in indoor pools so that this



TOP: MEMBERS OF THE WAAC LIFE GUARD CORPS TAKE OVER THE DUTY OF WATCHING THE BEACH ASSIGNED TO FELLOW WAACS IN FLORIDA FOR BATHING IN THEIR OFF-DUTY HOURS

TOP LEFT: LEARNING HOW TO MAKE USE OF DIFFERENT ARTICLES TO KEEP AFLOAT. SHOWN HERE ARE TIN PANS, RUBBER BALLS, AND SLACKS, THE LEGS OF WHICH ARE KNOTTED

TOP RIGHT: ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION IS A PART OF THE COURSE



RIGHT: WAAC ATHLETIC OFFICERS DRESSED IN REGULATION UNIFORMS LEARN TO KEEP THEMSELVES AFLOAT

program can be carried on throughout the year without interruption.

For an average swimmer, all the skills taught in the functional swimming course can be mastered in approximately twenty hours. For non-swimmers, or beginners, an additional ten to twenty hours is required, as it is essential, in mastering functional swimming, to have a sound basis upon which to build.

Fortunately, the swimming program which has long been advocated by the Girl Scouts is ideal in preparing anyone for Red Cross functional swimming. Inasmuch as this instruction is not available to girls under seventeen years of age, the best course for younger (Continued on page 30)

*Mary Fred goes to a square dance
with a heavy heart—but an un-
expected event raises her spirits*

MEET the

PART SIX

THERE was no lift to Mary Fred's feet as she walked home, no treading on clouds as they had those days when Dike Williams walked beside her. She had told Lila and Janet and Alberta not to wait for her because the Spring Formal committee might hold their final meeting if they could get the members together. She had been quite certain the meeting would be postponed until the following afternoon, but she wanted to walk alone under the leaden sky with her own matching spirits.

There was something she must tell Dike, and then the bond between them would be forever broken. Then he would drop her like the proverbial hot potato. It was ironical, too, when you thought about it, that Dike Williams had wasted so much motion, so much charm, on Martie Malone's daughter, when Martie Malone wasn't the kind to boost an athlete because he was squiring his girl. Martie Malone wasn't that kind at all. Once, when there had been some election tabulat-

ing at the *Evening Call*, he wouldn't even give the job to Johnny because he felt that another might be more capable.

Today Mary Fred's feet trod only gray sidewalks and cross streets, damp and slushy. Her lips felt tired from holding them in a wide, forced smile all day.

At her corner Red came trotting to meet her, to nose her hand out of the pocket of her reversible so she would pat his red, silken head. He looked up at her with troubled, sympathetic eyes that entreated, "What's the matter, Mary Fred?"

They approached Mrs. Adams's imposing home and the unhurting part of Mary Fred's mind remembered how Ander was always trying to act in the rôle of peacemaker between his aunt Lu and the Malones. "I'd like to see you folks neighbors, instead of on the outs. I think you'd cotton right up to each other, if you ever stopped scrapping long enough."

As Mary Fred passed the house, Mrs. Adams came out the door with a coat thrown hurriedly around her shoulders. She



MALONES

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

The Story So Far

The young Malones—Mary Fred, sixteen; Johnny, fifteen; and Beany, thirteen—were the children of a famous newspaper editor, Martie Malone, of the Denver "Evening Call." Their dead mother had believed that young people should be brought up to be self-reliant and prepared to meet emergencies by making their own decisions. Their father, too, had the same idea, and the young Malones grew up to be responsible and capable, although—being warmly human and at times even rash—they made plenty of mistakes. Problems too difficult for them to solve personally they brought before the family council.

Mary Fred needed the advice of the council after she had impulsively bought the lame horse, Mr. Chips, to keep him from being sold to a cruel farmer, for she had only half enough money to pay for him, and none to buy feed; and Johnny, too, wished to consult the council when his jalopy collided with an egg truck driven by a cowboy from Wyoming. Ander Erhart, and smashed the eggs, for he had to pay for the damage. The cook was leaving, and Mary Fred thought she and Johnny and Beany might do the work and earn the cook's wages. The family council decided in their favor, and all went well so long as practical Beany planned and cooked the meals. When Mary Fred's turn came, however, her heart was not in it, for a startling thing had happened to her. Dike Williams, the school football hero, who had never noticed her before, had suddenly singled her out for dates and special attentions. Presently her father had to go to Hawaii for several months, leaving the young Malones to solve their problems alone, except for the help of Elizabeth, their married sister, who had come home with her baby while her soldier husband went overseas.

As soon as Martie Malone departed, a change came over Dike. The great event of the school year was the "spring formal"—but he did not invite Mary Fred. To her pain and chagrin, she learned from a jealous classmate that Dike had rushed her only to enlist her father's help in persuading his friend, the coach at the University, to subsidize Dike the following year as a promising football man. Mary Fred learned, too, that Dike was still interested in Sylvia, his former girl, who was also going to the University. Immediately, the school was agog about the way Dike had let Mary Fred down. Ander tried to comfort her. He persuaded her to let him take her to the dance, and advised her to pretend she had known from the first that Dike was only trying, by his attentions to her, to get on the good side of her father.

said, "Elizabeth, there's something I've been intending to speak to your father about. Is he home now?"

"I'm Mary Fred, not Elizabeth. No, Father isn't home." She wondered what Mrs. Adams could have to say to Father.

Mrs. Adams enlightened her. "I thought if I spoke to him about it, it would be more effective—although I've never approved of his laxness in discipline. But I want you to understand this—you children cannot go on treating my little Tiffin the way you do!"

Mary Fred gazed at her in honest amazement. No Malone ever ventured to pass the Adams house without the accompaniment of the little dog's furious barking; and while all the young Malones loved to turn and stamp and threaten the shrill-voiced, sharp-toothed Tiffin and grumble about his vicious enmity, they had never used anything but words on him—and there were two in the Malone family who refused even to admit that he existed.

One was Father, who walked down the street and never seemed to know that a little bundle of dog was having hysterics at the cuff of his pants leg, and the other was Red, who trotted by, his big dog dignity never permitting even a glance toward all the sound and fury that was Tiffin.

Now Mary Fred said indignantly, "Stop treating your little Tiffin the way we do! Well, what about Tiffin stopping his barking and nipping at our heels?"

"I've tried to break him of that," Mrs. Adams answered, "but you must admit you do everything you can to antagonize him. And I simply can't understand your being brutal to him. He came home yesterday evening breathless and frightened." She added threateningly, "I'm warning you—I won't put up with it!" And without giving Mary Fred a chance for any further remark, she went back into the house.

"ANDER CALLED THE DANCES—AND HE'S A WOW AT IT, TOO!"

Illustrated
by
GERTRUDE
HOWE



Mary Fred trudged on, mystified and indignant. Whatever was the woman talking about? But the episode slipped from her mind when she opened the front door. The house was all hubbub and talk about the square dance at the airfield, and Lila and Alberta and Janet were trying on full-skirted dresses in preparation for the event.

"Look, Mary Fred," Elizabeth called. "Come and see how whirl-'em-on-the-corner Alberta looks in my square-dance dress! And Lila's mother bought her one to wear, but don't you think the sleeves ought to be shorter?"

"And I got one from my rich cousin," Janet put in. "She told me I could cut it off if it was too long. So do you know any nice canary that we could make a cover for his cage out of what I'm taking off?"

"Get your dress, Mary Fred—you know, the green-flowered one Mrs. Adams made you, the same time she made this yellow for me," Elizabeth urged.

Mary Fred thought resentfully, "You can't even have time to let your heart break in peace around here."

"Ander's going, too," Lila put in. "He knows all the calls and he'll get the square dance to bubbling, he says. Private Clancy says he's danced them since he was ten, and he'll show me the steps."

Mary Fred said heavily, "I'd better get supper early so we can get out there by seven-thirty."

"Do you feel all right?" Elizabeth asked, studying her sister's face. "You couldn't be coming down with anything, could you?"

Mary Fred said shortly, "No, of course not." *But you said it was as painful as the mumps, Elizabeth—and it's worse. It isn't localized—it's all over me, all through me.*



RED CAME TROTTING OUT TO MEET HER. HIS EYES TROUBLED WITH SYMPATHY

Johnny and Beany were in the kitchen. Johnny was holding an old yellowed newspaper, and he looked up from it with a faraway light in his black eyes. "Emerson and I are getting our data. Listen to this—this is how they described the old Cherry Creek flood:

"While the full-faced queen of night shed showers of silver from the starry throne o'er fields of freshness and fertility, garnishing and suffusing sleeping nature with her balmy brightness, fringing the feathery cottonwoods with lustre, enameling the house-tops with coats of pearl, bridging the erst placid Platte with beams of radiance and bathing the arid sands of Cherry Creek with dewy beauty, a frightful phenomenon sounded in the distance."

Mary Fred had opened the icebox. "It looks like arid sands in here," she said.

Johnny's mind left the tragic flood of May, '64, and came back to the present and the empty icebox in the Malone kitchen. "This is Tuesday—and we have Wednesday, Thursday, and so on until Monday."

"How much money have we left?" Mary Fred asked.

"Three dollars and some change," Johnny said and added,

"Life is real and life is earnest,

"And the Malones still have to eat.

"We still have eggs, we have potatoes—"

Beany supplied the last line, "But you can't call them a treat."

"Eggs," declaimed Johnny, "the food richest in vitamins! What other food can you whip up light as an April cloud and flavor with lemon?" He broke off. "By golly, that gives me an idea!" He took himself out of the kitchen and into the telephone booth under the stairs. In a few more minutes he came out, waving a paper covered with writing on both sides.

Mary Fred said, "Johnny, I'll get supper tonight. I'll make a big pot of potato soup—that'll be good for Elizabeth. She's supposed to have a lot of milky dishes. And we can have egg and tomato salad."

"Swell," Johnny said. "You get it tonight, and I'll take over tomorrow night. I'll bet you don't know what I have here. I'll bet you don't know who I was talking to. To Pierre, the master chef down at the Press Club. It isn't everybody he'd give his recipe to, for his Lady Eleanor cake!"

"Fifteen egg whites," Beany said, looking over his shoulder at the recipe. "And then what'll you do with the egg yolks?"

"That, my little chickadee, is where the artist comes in. But I won't tell you beforehand, except to say that you may be prepared tomorrow evening to be lifted to the heights by a meal always to be referred to as the gourmet's—aye, gourmand's—delight." He looked at the two of them. "Can't your souls lift a little in anticipation?"

Beany only grunted and Mary Fred said, "The coil spring to my soul is sagging."

Johnny looked at her closely. "I wonder if you could be coming down with anything?"

"Oh, hush!" Mary Fred said. "What would I be coming down with? *You* brought home all the diseases known to mankind."

Lila, Janet, and Alberta all ate supper at the Malones'. Lila's mother sent over a platter of sliced ham and a plate of oatmeal macaroons. The girls dressed for the dance in Mary Fred's and Elizabeth's suite of two rooms, with the "little mister" lying on Elizabeth's bed atop the rabbit blanket, and smiling up into any eyes which looked into his.

Elizabeth said, "We're going to name the baby for Father, but we want to wait till he returns to christen him."

"But even so, you should decide on a name and call him that," scolded diminutive Janet, the psychology student. "Even tiny babies shouldn't be called 'the baby' or 'the little fellow'—they must be made to feel they're individuals."

Lila's mother was already waiting downstairs, and Ander had come over in his wide, white sombrero, bright yellow shirt, and cowboy chaps, before the four girls had the last button buttoned and their long ruffy skirts adjusted. (Continued on page 24)

Runaway

BY FRANCES FROST

Awake in the moonlit summer's night
I saw the old barn's silver roof,
I saw the meadows glimmer white
And heard an unfamiliar hoof
Striking a pebble in my road.
I hurried to the mapled sill.
The strange light cantering had slowed
And stopped. And there, as taut and still
As he were carved moonlight, stood
A white colt with a silver mane.
He snuffed the faint gust from the wood;
Ears pricked and motionless again,
He breathed and listened. Well I knew
He was my neighbor's wayward colt
Who, cropping moonlight with the dew,
Had known a sudden urge to bolt,
But his heart was beauty, beat on beat.
He flung his head up, saw me there,
Whickered and whirled. I heard his feet
Fly down far roadways of the air.

Decorated by LLOYD J. DOTTERER



"UNDER the FLYING WHITE CLOUDS and the



ABOVE: THE "MARY JANE" AND HER JOLLY CREW, THE GIRL SCOUTS OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, START OUT FOR A LONG SUNNY DAY AFLOAT

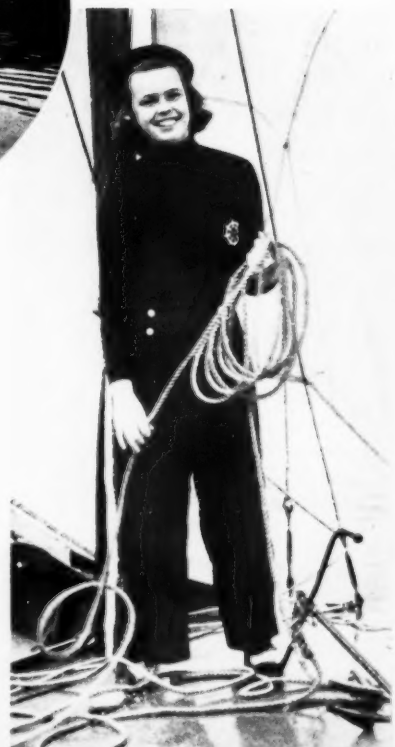


Clippenger Studios

ABOVE: MEMBERS OF A CANOEING CLASS AT CAMP ELLA J. LOGAN IN SYRACUSE, INDIANA, PRACTICE PADDLING TECHNIQUES IN PREPARATION FOR ONE AND TWO DAY CANOE TRIPS WHICH ARE BEING PLANNED BY THE TROOP



LEFT: THIS GIRL SCOUT AT CAMP TREASURE ISLAND, IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, KNOWS THE PART OF A BOAT SHE LIKES



RIGHT: A GIRL SCOUT MARINER ABOARD THE "FROLIC" AT SEA CLIFF, LONG ISLAND

Photograph at right by Paul Parker

the BROAD BLUE LIFT

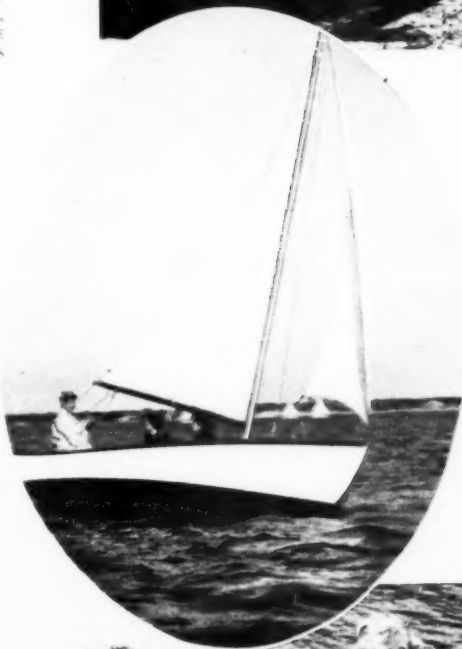
of the SKY"

From "Tewkesbury Road"
by John Masefield

LEFT: GIRL SCOUTS AT CAMP HOOVER, IN SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, LEARN THAT IT IS CORRECT TO KNEEL WHILE PADDLING. THE GIRLS TAKE A FIRST LESSON ON THE DOCK

RIGHT: A CAMPER STARTS OUT IN HER CANOE AT THE NICEST TIME OF THE DAY, THE EARLY MORNING, BEFORE A BREEZE HAS SPRUNG UP TO RUFFLE REFLECTIONS

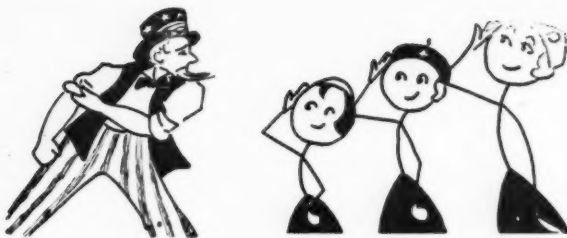
BELOW: AT CAMP POCAHONTAS, IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, GIRL SCOUTS GO FOR A ROW WITH A GIRL ON EACH OAR, A PASSENGER FORE, AND ANOTHER AFT



LEFT: SAILING IS THE BEST SPORT OF ALL—SO THINK THE JOLLY MARINERS OF THE GIRL SCOUT SAILING CAMP AT OAK BLUFFS IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD

BELOW: HOURS OF SUN, A SAIL, AND A SET OF SMILES MAKES A HAPPY DAY AT CAMP TREASURE ISLAND ON LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE





GIRL SCOUTS

Conducted by the Program Division, Girl Scouts

Sketches by
KATHLEEN KELLY

"Activity and duty are not to be found by the roadside. One must await them on the threshold, ready to bid them enter at the moment of passing, and they pass every day."
—Maurice Maeterlinck

DURING the last war, Mrs. Herbert Hoover had planned a week-end camping trip in the mountains. Her two sons, who were small boys then, spent several days packing and preparing for the event. At the last minute, Mr. Hoover was called away to attend an emergency meeting. Because Mrs. Hoover was resourceful, the boys were not disappointed. They could not go to the mountains without Mr. Hoover, but they did not have to give up their camping party. They camped in their own yard, cooked their meals over an open fire, slept under the stars, and had a joyous out-door experience that has remained as a happy memory throughout the years.

A resourceful person, so the dictionary tells us, is one who is "quick in planning" and "rich in expedients." It would seem that the quality of resourcefulness is much needed in these days of rations and priorities. It is a quality that will help us, when duties and activities pass our door, to bid them enter.

Sometimes, to the resourceful person, that which seems to be a hardship can become a blessing in disguise. For instance, now that rationed gasoline and tires make it necessary for every Girl Scout, big and little, to give up week-end trips to the mountains, beach, or amusement park, the resourceful Girl Scout will discover new ways of having fun at home. The *Girl Scout Handbook* will be a great help in planning home fun, for it gives excellent suggestions. And here's another thought. Has it occurred to you that the staying at home we must do this summer gives you a wonderful chance to get really well acquainted with your own family?

Girl Scouting isn't an isolated program that happens once a week at troop meetings. It is a way of life that extends through every day's experiences—and what better service can Girl Scouts give to their country and their families than by showing others this way of life?

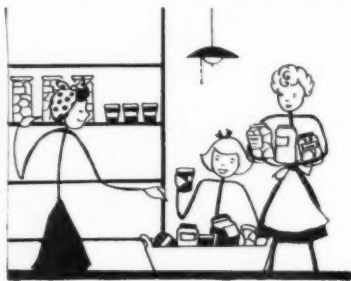
A Girl Scout is resourceful, "quick in planning," "rich in expedients." Our country is at war. You cannot do many of the things that belong to summer and vacations. Your father is probably working harder than usual, your mother has taken on many extra duties, your older brother, your uncle, and perhaps your father, may be in the armed forces. Everyone is worried and tears are close to the surface. "A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others" is the third Girl Scout law and "a Girl Scout is cheerful" is the eighth law—so, of course, you can't mope. You must be cheerful and you must be useful.

So you begin planning and you line up

your expedients. Consulting the dictionary again, you find that an expedient is "a suitable means to a given end." In this case, the given end will be a cheerful and happy vacation period for the entire family, in spite of the war, its tensions, worry-makings, and shortages.

In looking through the *Handbook* for pleasant things to do with the family, you will find so many that it will be necessary to select and choose. You might call a family conference and, in a manner somewhat similar to a troop meeting, discuss with them the activities they would enjoy most and plan a program that would incorporate each one's particular interest.

If you have a yard, an outdoor fireplace would provide many family parties. It would be a rest for Mother to spend an evening quietly with the family after an out-door



MAKE SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF

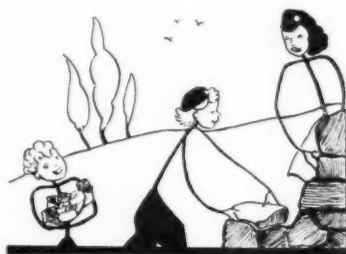
dinner prepared by you, with her permission, in the way you learned at camp. You could teach the family some of your favorite songs, and every one, father, mother, little brother and baby sister, to say nothing of Uncle Jim and Aunt Mary, would probably enjoy singing such songs as "Baby Owllet" and "Do Ye Ken John Peel?"

If you live in an apartment house and there is no yard or nearby park that you can use, it might be possible to combine forces with one of your own troop members who has a yard and who lives within walking distance. You could have a two-family cook-out that might be twice as much fun. The *Outdoor Cook* badge on page 591 of the *Handbook* has a number of suggestions. See how many of them would serve as expedients.

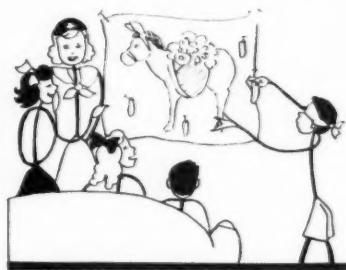
An outdoor fireplace suggests other things besides cook-outs. Just planning and building a fireplace is a good activity. Every member of the family could help; even the littlest brother could carry little stones to fill in the cracks between the big ones. You could use the fireplace, with Mother's help, to make dyes of onion skins, spinach, wild berries, bark, and other plants. Directions for making dyes can be found on page 5 of "Arts and Crafts with Inexpensive Materials." The colors obtained are lovely, and with them you can dye the odds and ends of yarn left over from Mother's needlepoint

and knitting. What a joy it would be to see colors you dyed yourself used in Mother's embroidery, or your own sampler!

There is also the fun of making your own toasting forks, fuzz sticks, reflector oven, and other cooking and fire-building devices. It would be worth your while to read the whole chapter on the out-of-doors that begins on page 532 of the *Handbook*. The outdoor badge activities that would appeal most to your family are the *Outdoor Cook*, *Campcraft*, *Foot Traveler*, and *Explorer*. It would be a good idea to read over the suggestions under the *Home Safety* badge, too, so you



HOME OUTDOOR FIREPLACES ARE FUN



PLAN A PARTY FOR LITTLE SISTER

will know what precautions to take in using tools and building fires. It would also be wise to become familiar with the *First Aid* badge in case of a cut, or burn.

Your troop might be interested in making a list of the badges that could be used in planning things to do with the family. Each member of the troop could try out different activities, and the report of their successes or failures would help others in their plans.

The *Games* badge under "Sports and Games" is a good one to work on—the books listed at the end of the badge suggestions can be obtained in your library. They will give you instructions in games for many different occasions: games for you and your sisters and brothers to play while Mother is busy at the Red Cross; games for Sister's birthday party; games to play during a practice air raid, or a black-out; games for a quiet family evening; games for a rainy afternoon; games for little people when you are taking care of the children for Mother, or for the next-door neighbor. These books will provide expedients that will make you one of the most helpful persons in your neighborhood.

REPORTING for DUTY~ with the FAMILY

In addition to the *Games* badge, a good stock of stories, songs, and folk dances are helpful in the same situations. Study the *Musical* badge, the *Group Music* badge, and the *Folk Dancing* badge.

And the field of nature, too—there is a wonder world for every member of the family! First, the *Gardener* badge. Of course you have a Victory Garden if there is a patch of ground available. Nothing in the world is more thrilling than planning a garden, poring over seed catalogs, preparing the soil, planting the seeds, watching the little plants break through the earth, and then watching them grow into big plants and bear their fruit. Have you tried raising herbs? There are several books that give information on raising, drying, mixing, and seasoning with herbs. *Herbs for your Kitchen* by Irma G. Mazza is a good book on the subject. No doubt it will be in your library.

Canning and drying the vegetables from your Victory Garden are activities in which the whole family can take part. You will all have the greatest possible satisfaction when you can look at neat rows of jars containing beans, beets, tomatoes, pickles, peas, and other good food, ready for the winter. You will feel especially happy when you realize that you have helped the boys at the front and in the training camps by leaving the factory supplies for them. It may be that you will be helping to conserve food that will be sent to hungry children in Greece, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and other countries that have suffered such heartbreaking hardships.

Under the *Foot Traveler* badge, there are many interesting activities that would appeal to a family group; a walking trip, laying a trail, making a weather chart. If your family becomes really interested in walking, you might consider the possibilities of the *Explorer* badge, taking longer trips, possibly arranging an overnight trip when your father and mother can go with you. With their help, you can do some real, honest-to-goodness exploring—find the old stone quarry, perhaps, or the Indian mounds, the charter

uting just as each member of your troop contributes to a Scout project! Father might like to read aloud from a history of the region—such histories are written about most localities; Mother will be sure to remember some interesting things that happened when she was a girl, and she may even contribute stories that your grandmother told her. She may remember some old songs, too. You could all gather around the piano and sing—harmonizing, with someone singing alto and another tenor, while Father or Uncle Jim

The *Insect Finder* badge has many suggestions such as the following:—

Go on walks to find insects, and note what they are doing and how they do it.

Collect and know something about at least



A GOOD SING MAKES EVERYONE HAPPY

three different insect galls common to your locality.

Make two different types of insect cages.

Find the homes of at least six different kinds of insects.

Read some articles or stories about famous naturalists who were particularly interested in insects. Read some of the stories they have written.

THESE are only a few of the suggestions—don't they sound as though they would be fun for the family?

For long summer evenings out-of-doors, there is the *Star Finder* badge. The *Rock Finder* badge has many possibilities for fun, too, in making special rock-finding trips to the country and to the museum, and in arranging collections.

Only a few of the many "duties and activities that pass every day" have been mentioned—Homemaking, Arts and Crafts, Community Life, and International Friendship are some of the fields that have not been covered. You only need to refer to the Handbook for more ideas, however. There are many war services, too, that you and your family can do together, services such as salvaging scrap and fats, working in the Civilian Defense block plan, and buying War Stamps. There was one family who made it a rule to buy a War Stamp every time they bought a movie ticket; they were all movie fans and their stamp books were quickly filled.

And here is one last thought about reporting for duty with the family—why not get your family to join you in observing the Girl Scout motto, "Be Prepared," and the slogan, "Do a good turn daily"? In discussing the Laws with the members of the family who are not Girl Scouts, you could use your own family name instead of the name, Girl Scout. For instance, "A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted," could be considered as "A Rayburn's honor is to be trusted." It works out through all the ten Laws, down to "A Girl Scout is clean in thought, word, and deed."

If you all work together this way, what a happy, helpful family you will become—and the family will understand better why being a Girl Scout means so much to you. As a matter of fact, you will understand it better yourself.

THE PROGRAM FIELDS OF GIRL SCOUTING



HOMEMAKING



COMMUNITY LIFE



HEALTH AND SAFETY



SPORTS AND GAMES



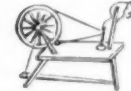
OUT-OF-DOORS



LITERATURE AND DRAMATICS



INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP



ARTS AND CRAFTS



MUSIC AND DANCING



NATURE



INTRODUCE YOUR FAMILY TO HIKING

oak, the hermit's cave, the old battlefield, the gorge, the waterfall and Lover's Leap. Find out all you can about the early history of your community, and then see how nearly you can trace the life of the early settlers. If there is a museum of history, or of science, in your city, you will find much to help you as your interest grows.

Think of the happy evenings you could have together all working on some common interest, each member of the family contrib-

rumble bass. In the days of long ago families got together in the evenings much more often than they do today. Automobiles and electric lights have made it so easy to "go places and do things" that the family group has been scattered. It would be wonderful if the hardship of giving up automobile driving for the duration should be the means of reviving some of the pleasant old-time family evenings.

In addition to creating interest in local history, exploration trips might also lead to curiosity about birds. See the suggestions under the *Bird Finder* badge. Before you know it, you will be getting up at dawn to go on bird walks and will be taking turns using Mother's opera glasses to spy out robins and thrushes in the trees and bushes. There is a wonderful set of phonograph records issued by the Albert Brand Bird Foundation at Cornell University. By listening to the records, you can become so familiar with the different bird songs that you can easily distinguish them when you hear them on exploration trips.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

MEET the MALONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

Elizabeth detained them for a word of admonition. "Now listen, gals, be sure you go out there to this soldiers' dance with only one idea—not to have a good time yourself, but to give them one. Because you've got other good times ahead of you. But these kids—we don't know what's ahead of them. They're away from home and homesick and girl sick—oh, you'll have to listen to them tell about their girls!—and some of them are awful dancers. But just forget about yourselves. Though I suppose it's hard for youth not to be selfish," she added.

Mary Fred grinned at them all as she kissed Elizabeth's soft cheek. "She's old and doddering," she said. "She's nineteen. 'Bye, Elizabeth—we'll spread cheer."

ELIZABETH awakened when her sister came in, and asked softly, "How was it?"

Mary Fred always undressed in Elizabeth's warm room with its nice smell of baby talcum, Castile soap, and wool blankets. Tonight the dying firelight vaguely caught on the sparkling buttons which her listless fingers pushed backward through their buttonholes, on the tired brightness of her eyes. "It was Lila's night," Mary Fred said. "She and Clancy each think the other is the answer to all their morning and evening prayers. He's rich on blarney, that Clancy—and Lila swallows it, hook, line, and sinker." A small shiver passed through the partly undressed figure. "A girl shouldn't do that." "I think he means it," Elizabeth said. "When he first saw her, he seemed to get a great glow. Were the dances fun?"

"Ander was a wow at calling them. He called one that seemed inspired by Clancy.

'Lady swing that gent that looks so neat,

'Now the one whose breath is sweet,

'Now the one with the great big feet—' and Lila said right out, 'Why, they're not so big!' It was a roar."

"Ander's nice," Elizabeth said. "He has a test coming up tomorrow, and yet he took time out to go over there and listen it up for the soldiers. Did he dance any—with you?"

"Just a few," Mary Fred said absently, "to show us all some of his fanciest dos-a-dos and the gent-you-know." She yawned. "Janet had a great time psychoanalyzing her partner. She said he had a mother complex because all he could talk about was the way she made Swedish meat balls."

"Probably hungry, poor kid! Did you have a regular partner?"

"You mean, did I make a heart beat faster under a shirt of khaki? No. I mothered all the ones who looked lonesome. I oh'd and ah'd over hundreds of snapshots of the girl I left behind me. I let the poor dancers walk on my feet. I had no thought of self."

Elizabeth laughed softly. "Get to bed, you lug."

Mary Fred went out to her own chilly sleeping quarters. She opened her windows to let in some of the cold night wind, blowing from a black sky with pale stars. In the house next door, she could see Ander's outline as he sat at his desk studying for the test tomorrow. Three hours of boning, he said, for a test in Dynamic Chem.

MARY FRED started after school the next day for the final committee meeting of

the Spring Formal. There was much discussion as to whether they should order ices molded in the shape of lilies, or whether they should merely serve ices in spring colors, pale yellow and green.

Mary Fred spoke up—it was as though Elizabeth stood beside her, prompting her—"I move we spend less on ices and donate the money we have left to the entertainment fund for the soldiers."

The committee accepted her idea.

Again this late afternoon, as Mary Fred walked heavily-hearted past the Adams home, Mrs. Socially-Prominent Adams came hurrying out of her house and again her tone was challenging. "Little Tiffin has disappeared!"

Mary Fred's swift temper bubbled so hotly that she almost said, "Why, how nice!" but she controlled her tongue with an effort.

Mrs. Adams continued, "Of course I have my own idea as to whom to suspect. What have you done with him?"

It was a positive ache, the desire to retort, "I know what I'd like to do with him!" but she said nothing. She kept on walking and now she was beyond Mrs. Adams's house and temptation.

She remembered, as she turned in their gate, that Elizabeth had planned to take the baby and go riding with a friend, if the sun came out. Mary Fred walked around to the back door. Red was there on the step. It was strange how Red always mirrored the goings-on in the house. If there was joy, Red was ecstatic; if there was sadness, Red was woe-filled. This evening his plume of a tail was whitely touched with flour, and he looked at the door with fidgety uneasiness as though he were in grave doubt as to what went on inside.

Mary Fred opened the door. No wonder Red's tail was floury! There was flour on the floor, on the chair, on the table where Johnny worked with a rolling pin and sifter and sharp knives—and on Johnny's hair, nose, and corduroys, especially his corduroys.

Johnny shook out an oddly-colored noodle. "Pierre said they'd green up more in cooking. Goodness knows, I cooked practically a bale of spinach so as to get a deep green liquid. But if you want to feast your poor jaded eyes upon a delectable sight—!"

He flung open the oven door with a flourish and displayed a cake of rounded, risen-high loveliness. "That's my Lady Eleanor cake!" Johnny sniffed with leisurely appreciation. "Why do poets rave about the fragrance of violets when—"

Mary Fred interrupted practically. "Isn't your oven awfully hot? They taught us in school that these fluffy, breath-of-air, lots-of-eggs concoctions should bake slowly to be successful."

And then, even as they gazed admiringly at that perfect picture of a cake, it began to sink before their eyes. They looked at it and then at each other in dismay. The beautiful, gently-rounded hump in the center was fairly sucked in.

"Shut the oven door," Mary Fred said. "Maybe it's the cold air."

Johnny slammed the door shut.

Mary Fred glanced about the kitchen. Every egg beater, spoon, mixing bowl, colander was in need of washing. The big can-

ning kettle, full of cooked spinach, sat precariously on the stove. The table's dimensions were marked off with a fringe of flour on the floor. On the table was a floury array of noodles, some shaken out into olive drab curls.

"Green noodles for the Noodles a la Nap-les Pierre told me about. So as to use the egg yolks." Johnny's voice had lost its pride and cockiness. "He said they greened up in cooking."

The oven's contents seemed to draw him in grim fascination. He opened the door. "The middle is way below sea level now," he announced sadly.

"Never mind. It'll taste good in a soggy sort of way," Mary Fred tried to console him.

"Ah, me," sighed Johnny, after another disheartening look, "if I were a philosopher, I might say, 'How like unto life's hopes is yon cake, rising, rising to such beauty and then—plop!'"

"And I might add, 'How true! How true!'" replied Mary Fred, with a twist to her grin.

"But we'd better spare the philosophy and get on with dinner. It's late. Here's Elizabeth coming home now. Oh, and I hear Emerson Worth! I'd better put on some coffee for him."

"I asked Emerson Worth," Johnny admitted, "and I asked Ander. I thought the meal would be sumptuous."

His discouragement enlisted Mary Fred's loyalty. She didn't reproach him for the messy kitchen, or remark about the unappetizing green of the noodles, even after they had boiled and "freshened" to a richer olive drab. She said, after a critical look at the cake, "The edges aren't so awfully flat. We can cut around the slump in the middle and cover over the pieces with chocolate syrup. And I'd better fix a fruit salad, or Beany will spout about us serving all-starch meals."

They were very late getting the meal on the table. The noodles boiled over; the velvety cheese sauce, which was to add that delectable, inimitable something to the Noodles a la Naples, lumped; and every egg beater, every mixing spoon they reached for had first to be washed. Elizabeth came out a time or two to ask if she could help. They wouldn't let Beany out until they surreptitiously disposed of the soggy cake center, but she managed, from the doorway, to quote their domestic science teacher on the advisability of cleaning up the dishes as one went along.

Mary Fred even felt a fluttered relief when Ander telephoned and said he couldn't come. His Aunt Lu was so upset over Tiffin's disappearance that he wanted to stay with her.

Finally, out of the mussed kitchen, the two flushed workers emerged with the Noodles a la Naples, the fruit salad, the squares of cake camouflaged by chocolate sauce. It was not exactly the gourmet's delight which Johnny had predicted.

Mary Fred was just setting the dessert before them when the doorbell pealed. Beany answered it, returning to the dining room to say, in chastened awe, "I think the rest of you better come. It's Mrs. Socially-Prominent—and Ander is with her, looking like an unwilling party to it all. She says we have Tiffin somewhere about the premises. She can hear his pitiful barks, she says."

Mrs. Adams stood majestically under the hall light. She repeated for the benefit of them all, "My little Tiffin is confined somewhere on your premises. If you'll step outside with me, you'll faintly hear his poor, panic-stricken yelps."

"Oh, gosh!" ejaculated Johnny.

Ander said easily, "Might be shut up in your garage. Let's go out and see, Johnny. You wait here, Aunt Lu."

After an uncomfortable few minutes for those in the hall, Ander and Johnny were back—and in Ander's arms was the shivering, whimpering little dog. Mrs. Adams said with tight lips, as she reached for him, "I was sure we'd find him here."

"But I don't see how he could have got fastened in *our* garage," Elizabeth protested.

"Johnny thinks he must have got in his rumble seat when the car was parked in front of Carl's," Ander told her. "He said that sometimes Tiffin did and he always let him ride into his driveway. He said he was thinking about something else this evening and just hurried out of the garage and banged the door shut. That's how it happened, Aunt Lu—they didn't mean him any harm."

There was silence in the hall, a tense, waiting silence. The years of petty antagonism and enmity between the Malones and their next-door neighbor, whom they delighted to call Mrs. Socially-Prominent Adams because she called them the Awful Malones, seemed to hang suspended. The situation could go one way or the other. If Johnny should say, "He's a nice little pooch," or if Mary Fred should smile and say, "Too bad the little fellow was shut up so long," Mrs. Adams's resentment toward them would soften.

But each of the Malones looked at the other. Then Mary Fred breathed an inward sigh of relief, for Elizabeth, the generous, the soft-spoken, was taking a step toward their neighbor. She even started, "After this Johnny will—"

But she never finished the sentence. A thumping commotion on the porch distracted everyone's attention. Johnny, being closest, opened the door. Company was arriving, bag and baggage—and what a lot of swanky baggage! A taxi driver made two extra trips to the taxi and back with luggage which he piled into the hall—and then appeared a woman plainly dressed in a dark blue suit and low-heeled shoes. Why, that was Hattie, who was maid, housekeeper, and secretary for their stepgrandmother, Nonna! On those fleeting visits Nonna had paid them, Hattie had always accompanied her.

After Hattie came Nonna, who was not at all plainly dressed. Her lapis lazuli earrings called attention to her eyes, which were that same deep shade of blue. Her black hat framed her silvery blond hair. Mary Fred got an impression of silveriness. A silvery gray fur half fell off her shoulders. As she pulled off her gloves you heard the clink of silver bracelets. Even her laugh, as she took a step toward them, had a silvery tinkle. "My dears, how startled you look! Are you so surprised to see your Nonna? I warned you, you know, that I was coming one of these days."

Greetings flew fast, with Nonna's explaining that she had sold her decorating business in Philadelphia very suddenly. "You poor lambs, you'll never know how guilty I felt,

(Continued on page 28)



No, Babs. Plenty of high school lads buzzing around. Other girls have dates. Yet here you are, without a boy friend.

You're a queen to look at, too. But the lads go for live-numbers. You're a bit on the droopy side. No zip. No voltage.

Could be you've been neglecting things and things, including your groceries? Takes real food to keep you going in high. Three honest-to-gosh meals a day, *starting with breakfast.*

But don't make a chore of it.

Breakfast can be nice going. Start with a big bowl of Wheaties, with milk and fruit. Those toasted flakes, Wheaties, hand over a flavor that's solid. Nut-sweet and plenty mmmmm.

Also nourishing, these Wheaties—being whole wheat. Food-energy, vitamins, minerals, etc.

So don't stall around any longer.

Tomorrow, start getting into the swing of things. Have Wheaties for breakfast.

"Breakfast of Champions" with milk or cream and fruit. "Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

Get in the groove with





IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

BUCKNER OF ALASKA

HE WHO holds Alaska holds the Pacific." Those words of General William Mitchell, pioneer expert on air power, are a favorite maxim of another American general, Simon Bolivar Buckner.

Americans need to know more about Lieutenant General Buckner. He has a vigorous personality, a mind that moves with the precision of a machine, a point of view that's a tonic—and he led the men who saved Alaska! By saving Alaska he prevented devastating attacks on our Northwest coast.

When, back in 1940, he accepted the post of Alaskan defense boss, he knew he had



taken on a man-size job. Straightway he began to study the Territory he meant to defend. His study showed him a huge area—one fifth the size of the United States—with a coast line even longer than that of the States. Living in this vast Territory were only seventy-two thousand permanent residents, half of them Indians and Eskimos.

General Buckner had learned to fly in 1918. Still piloting his own plane, he visited every part of Alaska where, to quote him, "hell might break loose." Not content with bird's-eye views, he trudged hundreds of miles. He paid special attention to the Aleutian Islands, that half-submerged chain of volcanic peaks that flings its arc more than a thousand miles westward from Alaska's mainland.

He soon had reason to believe that other eyes besides his were studying the Aleutians. Japanese eyes. American fishermen told stories of Jap poachers whose interest seemed oddly divided between catching salmon and learning about the depths and contours of strategic channels and coves. General Buckner suspected something which, later, grew clear—the Japs were getting to know the Aleutians better than Alaskans knew them.

General Buckner had long felt sure that war with Japan must come. What he heard in the bleak, raw, foggy Aleutians strengthened this conviction. With limited supplies and men, he began to make Alaska as strong as he could. A stern disciplinarian, he knew just how to whip his little army into shape.

Taking hold in Alaska at the age of fifty-

three, he became known as a leader who never asked subordinates to do anything he himself would not do. Almost six feet in height, with broad shoulders and great store of endurance, he was able to make forced marches that sometimes wore down men thirty years his junior.

Stories about him sprang up and flourished. Often they concerned his great, roaring voice and his skill as a hunter. Alaskan "sourdoughs," for instance, said no bullet hole could be found in a certain bearskin at his headquarters. They insisted that he had simply "rared back, bellered, and scared that big bear plumb to death."

This rip-roaring buckaroo of a general had given Alaska a tough though small army by the time the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor. The day after the attack he interned the two hundred Japs in the Territory. Then he begged Congress for permission and funds to build Army airfields near our Naval base at Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutians.

He had long been convinced that Dutch Harbor invited attack, for there were no landing fields within almost a thousand miles of it. "The Japs," so he argued, "know that as well as we do."

Congress hemmed and hawed and finally said "yes." Whereupon General Buckner rushed the building of the airports. Secrecy as well as speed was essential.

Events proved how far-seeing he had been. Only a few weeks after the secret airfields were finished, the Japs made a full-scale attack on Dutch Harbor. That was early in June, last year. They hit with destroyers, cruisers, troop transports, and two aircraft carriers. It seems clear now that they intended this as the first of a series of blows intended to make all Alaska drop into their waiting hands.

But they got a big surprise. Roaring out of the fog at the height of the Japanese attack came angry American bombers and fighter planes. They had taken off from General Buckner's secret fields. The Japs fled.

The day was saved. Buckner's foresight had been dramatically demonstrated.

However, the fleeing Jap troop transports unloaded thousands of men on Kiska and Attu. Our long struggle to retake these Aleutian islands began. Now that Attu is American once more, Kiska's fall seems certain. (At this writing, the Japs still hold Kiska.)

Attu, westernmost of the Aleutians, is only about seven hundred statute miles from the great Jap naval and air base of Paramushiro. So it lies on one of the roads to Tokyo. Hard-bitten General Buckner is the man to lead our Alaskan forces along that road.

MIRACULOUS MOLD

"This damp weather is terrible on food. Why, look! That bread is moldy!"

Speeches like this are familiar to all of us. And we never dreamed that the hated mold would be lifted from its rôle of demon-in-the-kitchen to that of ministering-angel-in-the-hospital.

Dr. Alexander Fleming didn't dream it, either. That is, he didn't before the year 1929. He was at that time Professor of Bacteriology at the University of London.

One morning he was going about his regular work of growing bacteria and of making sure the germs had everything that they needed, including tidiness. He was rather shocked to see that on one of the glass plates there was a spot of mold. His first impulse was to throw the plate away. His second, since he was a scientist, was to examine it under a microscope. To his astonishment, he discovered that around the bit of mold there were no bacteria. It looked as if the mold had started a war against the germs.

This, after a lot of scientific work, proved to be true, but in a limited sort of way. The mold had not actually killed the bacteria, but it had done the next best thing—it had prevented them from multiplying. If the mold was to form the basis of a drug for human aid, calling a halt on the increase of germs would be more than half the battle. The white corpuscles in the blood are the body's policemen; they kill intruding germs unless the intruders get too numerous—which they always do in serious infections.

It was not until years after Dr. Fleming's discovery of the mold on the plate that



scientists, following his line of thought, succeeded in extracting from mold a brownish, crystalline substance. When this was dissolved in water and injected into sick animals, it stopped the spread of bacteria. People believed to be hopelessly ill were experimented on next, with excellent results.

The drug was called penicillin. It can fight infections even where the sulfa products fail. Unfortunately, though sixteen drug manufacturers are now working to produce it, their combined output is small.

WARRIORS ON WAR HORSES

This is the day of mechanized war, but our Army is still training cavalymen. Why?

The answer is—that historic combination, a fighter mounted on a horse, is far from "out." Tanks and armored cars are, to a great extent, confined to roads, especially in country that is swampy, forested, or mountainous. Horses don't need roads.

Our horse soldiers are, in a sense, mounted commandos. They carry modern weapons. Their job is to move silently toward the enemy, to strike at his flanks and his rear, to surprise him, confuse him, encircle him if possible.

Our practice in cavalry fighting has been this: When an American cavalry unit made contact with the foe, certain of its members led the horses to safe cover in the rear, while its machine gunners and riflemen, now dismounted, took up their positions and began to give battle. If victorious, they remounted and rode away.

Such commando-like tactics were—and are—important. But a more important duty of a cavalry unit is to gather information about the enemy and report its findings to headquarters. All this calls for such careful training that a finished cavalryman can't be turned out in less than nine months, and the instruction period often is extended to a year.



Mounted "missions" of quite another kind are performed, day and night, by some of the men of our Coast Guard. The United States has about forty thousand miles of shore line, and this must be patrolled by Guards to keep hostile spies and would-be saboteurs from landing. Each of our mounted Guards—the sketch shows one of them—can cover three times as much ground as a watcher on foot.

Our forces of men on horseback have not reached their peak. It is Soviet Russia which has, today, the largest and strongest cavalry forces of any country on earth. In fact, Russia's surprising ability to resist when the German army attacked her was due partly to the fact that the Germans had only about fifty thousand cavalymen, while the Red Army had some nine hundred thousand.

During the first winter of the Russo-German war, many units of the Red Cavalry waited behind the lines while tanks and infantry routed the foe. Then the Soviet horsemen, swinging sabers, would pursue the panic-stricken Germans. Now, however, most of the Red cavalymen carry weapons which send out bullets. And, today, the Soviet cavalry is a mixed force. It relies on motor transport as much as on four-footed mounts. In making certain attacks, horsemen and tanks actually advance and work closely together, while both get help from planes overhead—a powerful combination.

Hard-riding Cossacks form the backbone of the Red cavalry, but units from the Eastern Soviet republics help to make up the forces.

Far from regarding a warrior on a horse as a relic of the past, we'll have to think of him as vital to the battles of tomorrow.

NOW YOU SEE IT... NOW YOU DON'T

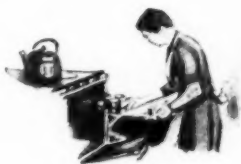
The Story of Katharine B. Blodgett

CURIOS is the word for Katharine Blodgett. And her eagerness to experiment with new ideas gives an original twist to everything she does. Now one of the outstanding scientists of her day, this twinkling-eyed Bryn Mawr graduate built up 44 *invisible* layers of barium stearate on glass—to make it so non-reflecting that you can't see it!

Though Katharine Blodgett's father had been a General Electric patent lawyer, she didn't "begin with askings" when she came into the Company. Armed with a brand-new M.S. from the University of Chicago, she began her career in the "magic" department of the Research Laboratory. After a few years of experimenting with molecules, she went on to the Mecca of all physicists, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge University, England, where she was the first woman to receive a Ph.D. in physics.



Dr. Blodgett still remembers the cold English winters. The men in the class didn't suffer so much—they had learned to write with either hand, in order to alternate the hands they kept in their pockets. She had to sit on one hand and take notes with the other. One day she took a thermometer to class, and it registered only 40 degrees!



Knowing *why* doesn't satisfy a scientist like Dr. Blodgett. She feels deeply that she is not the master of a subject until she knows also *why not*. That's the real reason she makes popovers



every Sunday morning—to find out why they aren't consistent in popping. Right now she thinks the answer may lie in the type of milk used, so she's experimenting with all kinds.



She carries her scientific attitude into the garden, too. She analyzes the soil before she plants the seeds, and this year she has a Victory garden, where she's spending most of her time outside the lab.

So screened is the Research Laboratory with war secrecy that nothing can be told right now of her work there. But it's the seeking, patient minds like Katharine Blodgett's that help to bring the peace nearer, that will make that peace surer once it is won. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*



Tune in the General Electric MAZDA Lamp Radio Program at 10:00 p.m. EWT Sunday Evening over the NBC network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

GOOD LUCK, MR. YATES. In its quiet way, this film has a lot to say about the importance of adults' keeping faith with young boys. The story is extremely well told, too, and every character is a recognizable human being. Mr. Yates is a popular English instructor at a boys' Military Academy. (The school is really shown as an educational institution not just a club for hazing!) After a big send-off, when he resigns to enlist, he fails to meet physical requirements and is classified 4F. Rather than disappoint the boys, he gets a job in a shipyard while under a physician's care to build himself up for reclassification. The boys continue to believe he is a soldier and their letters sent to him as Private Yates lead to a series of complications in which Yates is suspected of being a saboteur in the yards. Jess Barker is a most agreeable Mr. Yates, Claire Trevor is the girl riveter with whom he falls in love, and Scotty Beckett is the boy paroled from a reformatory whose staunch championship of Mr. Yates nearly loses him his scholarship at the Military Academy. In the end Mr. Yates has a chance to prove himself as much a hero in the shipyards as he might have been in the armed forces. Very good. (Col.)



A SCENE FROM "GOOD LUCK, MR. YATES"

HERS TO HOLD. Deanna Durbin returns to her true meter of comedy, romance, and song in this wholly delightful film. With Joseph Cotten as the combination of sophisticate, adventurous flier, and tender admirer young girls dream about—and a thoroughly nice person withal—the picture should be extremely popular. There are clever lines, funny situations, and Deanna's songs fit neatly into the action. Deanna is a society girl who takes a job in a plane factory in order to be near Joe, whom she has met unconventionally—he is supervising the building of planes as a representative of the Air Force. From then on the plot moves gaily with just enough seriousness to let us know that these merry people are well aware that a war is going on and that they have a part to play in it. Very good. (Univ.)

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL. This splendid tribute to the nurses who served on Bataan and Corregidor is filmed with sincerity and taste, and is entirely believable. Nor have the producers forgotten that it is the way of Americans to laugh a great deal while acting heroically, so the film is full of casual humor and amusing talk. Claudette Colbert is the officer in charge of the twelve nurses whose adventures we follow. (Although the characters of the film are fictional, most of the material was supplied by eight nurses who were evacuated as a group and returned to this country.) Miss Colbert's gift for making the character she plays important to you, so that you follow her love story with George Reeves with real concern for its outcome, holds the film together and keeps it from seeming episodic. Paulette Goddard, as the frivolous nurse who does the work of two when the test comes, has a comic flirtation with a brawny Marine (Sonny Tufts) which provides the film's light touch. Veronica Lake has an excellent dramatic bit as a nurse picked up from a torpedoed ship who is crazed with hatred of the Japs. But aside from the fine work of its stars, the film is chiefly notable for its air of reality. Despite the constant bombardment from the skies,

living with death, hunger, and disease, everyone goes about doing his job without heroics or dramatics. You leave the film certain that this is the way it was. Excellent. (Para.)

Good

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE. Margaret Kennedy's story of the variegated offspring of a great musician, brought up in hoydenish freedom but nevertheless individually disciplined through their devotion to music, is centered in Tessa (Joan Fontaine) whose intense spirit, dedicated to making Lewis Dodd (Charles Boyer) live up to his promise as a composer, is in the end too much for her frail body. But the film proves something that lovers of the novel and play may not have guessed—that sustained interest depends less on the Tessa characterization, which is highly satisfactory in Miss Fontaine's playing, than on having Lewis convincingly portrayed as a genius with so much to give the world musically that he is worth both Tessa's selfless love and his wife's well meant managing. This Boyer fails to communicate. Yet the film succeeds in making the mixed family attitudes and the clashing temperaments real through the expert acting of small parts by Charles Coburn as Uncle Charles, Montagu Love as Albert Sanger, Joyce Reynolds as Paula, Brenda Marshall as Toni, and others. The music suffers through emphasizing Dodd's unsuccessful compositions, for purposes of plot, so that the musical theme of Tessa's song, in which Dodd had unconsciously expressed his love for Tessa and foreshadowed her death, is not sufficiently haunting to create mood. (Warners)

HIT THE ICE. Abbott and Costello are back in top form in this really amusing combination of typical comedy routines, ice skating numbers, and music by Johnny Long's orchestra and the very talented singer, Ginny Simms. The story and situations are clever, too, for the boys innocently get mixed up with bank robbers and give the gangsters much the worst of it in most laughable fashion. The photography, especially at the winter resort where much of the action takes place, is tops. (Univ.)

THUMBS UP. This is one of those unpretentious films which provide wholesome enjoyment because of their human values, engaging performances, and sound ethics. Brenda Joyce is an American night club singer in London who goes to work in an airplane factory so that she can later be "discovered" by a producer who is planning to put on a show with a cast of war workers. Her false popularity as an American supposedly doing her bit for England is turned into bitter dislike when her true motive is discovered. How she rights herself with her fellow workers makes a good story, filled with delightful scenes of work and play among Britain's oddly assorted factory hands—artists, professional people, housewives. Elsa Lanchester does a splendid characterization of an ex-chorus girl patriot. (Rep.)

TWO TICKETS TO LONDON. Among the few survivors of a torpedoed ship is a young American first mate (Alan Curtis) who is arrested on landing, on what charge we do not know. When the train taking him to London is bombed, he escapes by shielding his face with the body of a girl (Michele Morgan) whom he rescues from the wreck. Circumstances keep them together on their police-dogged way to London. Here we, and the girl, learn that he is accused of signaling his ship's position to the submarine, and that the girl's brother was one of the lost crew. His trial and eventual acquittal are anticlimax after the exciting journey to London, but interest is maintained through good acting on the part of the whole cast. Good mystery. (Univ.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

GOOD LUCK, MR. YATES
HERS TO HOLD

Good

HIT THE ICE
THUMBS UP

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

MEET the MALONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

leaving you out here without a mother!"

Elizabeth introduced Nonna to Ander and his aunt. Nonna looked at Mrs. Adams and smiled, not entirely pleasantly. "I believe I already know Mrs. Adams. Weren't you Lu Watkins who lived in the little reddish-brown house next to the grocery store on Twelfth?"

Any chance of conciliation between the Malones and Mrs. Adams was shattered by that smilingly spoken stab. Mrs. Adams replied coldly, "Yes, I was Lu Watkins. But it wasn't a reddish-brown house, it was yellow—and it was three houses from the grocery." She turned to Ander. "We'd better get Tiffin home and take care of him. He's suffered enough."

AT last all the pieces of baggage were out of the hall. Nonna would occupy the guest room, and Hattie would use the room in the basement where Mrs. No-Complaint Adams usually slept. Mary Fred hurried to telephone her that she would not need to stay the night with them, now that they had a stepgrandmother and her Hattie with them.

At bedtime Beany sidled into Mary Fred's room to ask in a whisper, "How long is she going to stay—Nonna?"

Mary Fred reproached her, "Why, Beany, the idea of wondering that when someone has just come! You sound as though you didn't like her."

Beany evaded unhappily, "I don't like anybody who looks like one thing and isn't."

Mary Fred knew what she meant. Nonna had a frail, almost flowerlike beauty, her voice was gentle, her eyes were limpid and soft. Yet under her softness were drive, efficiency, dominance. It hadn't taken her long to get herself and Hattie and their belongings settled.

Beany went on, "I don't like the way she looked at old Emerson Worth—like he was something she wanted to sweep out."

Evidently old Emerson hadn't liked it, either. Usually, when he came out to dinner, he stayed the night. The Malones always urged him to, because his rooming house was dreary and drab, and his room a small square containing an iron bed, an uncomfortable chair, and boxes overflowing with books.

But this evening Emerson Worth had hurried into his overcoat, had clutched uneasily at his hat, and without taking careful, shakily-fingered deliberation in adjusting his white silk muffler, was off with only a muttered good-by.

"You don't suppose she's going to stay here, do you?" Beany asked.

"I don't know," Mary Fred said. But she was remembering the capable way Hattie had come in and disposed of that untidy kitchen. And she had overheard Nonna saying to Hattie as they parted for the night, "Well, Hattie, it looks as though our work is laid out for us here."

"Yes, it does, Mrs. Gaylord."

LILA was waiting on their accustomed corner the next morning. She greeted Mary Fred with a complimentary gasp. "Mary Fred, you've got a new jacket! It's simply

scrumptious! Where did you ever get it?"

It's a present from Nonna. It came from New York." The jacket was of bright Kelly green, soft and fuzzy and warm, and Mary Fred's voice reflected the brightening of her spirits. "I feel like spring—hope pushing through the dark clod, the sap running, and all that."

Janet fell into step with them in time to hear that. "It's the psychological lift clothes give you, especially bright red, or bright green," she said, and added with her crinkly smile, "You're pretty, you little nut!"

Mary Fred bubbled on, "And that's not all! I'm a pampered young thing. I'm the idle rich. I'm a queen. Can you imagine it—I only got up in time to eat my breakfast and take off to school! Barely had time to feed Mr. Chips. Mary Fred Malone steps out of the laboring class."

"Didn't your alarm go off?" Lila asked.

"It didn't go off because Nonna turned it off after I was asleep. She said I needed that extra sleep. Nonna's wonderful. I felt terrible, going off to school and leaving such an upset house, but how I soaked up that extra hour and a half of sleep! I feel more fit to cope with life's problems this morning." Her voice stopped on a thought that stabbed. Life had a problem ahead—the Spring Formal which was Saturday night. She had to carry it off, she had to pretend she didn't care in the least because Dike was going with Sylvia. She was thankful for the bright green jacket's buoying up of her uneasy dread.

The next morning, when she met the girls, Mary Fred continued her enthusiastic praise. "I tell you Nonna's too good to be true. It's like magic, the way she's taken over. You remember me telling about us taking off to school and leaving the house so helter-skelter? But when we came home from school yesterday, the house just shone. And the most heavenly food smells! And Beany's blouses, that I should have ironed the night before, all ironed and folded on her bed with every button on just like a high-class laundry. My closet was cleaned. Nonna said she wanted to see what shape my wardrobe was in."

"Did she do all that?" Lila asked, amazed.

"She had a cleaning woman come in—and she had Hattie. Nonna is the executive type."

Janet said with strange contrariness, "When I come over, I'm going to call her 'Grandma,' just to prick that vanity complex of hers."

"But she isn't a grandmother sort of person," Mary Fred defended. "She's more like a fairy godmother. Out from one of the downtown stores comes a special delivery—she's the kind who always has things marked special—and it's the loveliest bassinet for Elizabeth's baby. Nonna thought it would be nicer than to have him sleeping on the two chairs Elizabeth fixed by the side of her bed with a pillow on them. Nonna says she wants to do for us."

"But what about your housework arrangements?" Janet asked. "Aren't you going to do the housework so as to have the money to spend?"

"Nonna says we don't need to. We told her about the arrangements and she said it was all foolish and unnecessary. She said it was too much work and responsibility for us. We told her Father had put us on our own and that Johnny had a repair bill to pay

and that he craved a typewriter for his literary career. And I told her about buying Mr. Chips—"

"I'll bet she got a thrill out of Mr. Chips," Janet put in dryly.

"She said we weren't to worry over a thing—that she'd provide for us."

Lila said troubledly, "You Malones haven't ever had to be provided for and decided for. I've always envied you."

"But it was an awful chore," Mary Fred assured her. "Having to get up early to do the work before school and then go hurrying home to get dinner."

"With Dike Williams taking up so much time," smiled Janet.

"Them days is gone forever!" The slang phrase went hurtling through Mary Fred. She continued defending herself. "And we had all that worry of wondering if the money would stretch out. And those awful eggs! And trying to figure out different ways to cook potatoes. It's heaven to have Nonna take over."

Janet said, "How about that quotation you cut your teeth on, 'The highest price you can pay for a thing is to get it for nothing'?"

"Nonna put it this way," Mary Fred explained. "She said that if she took Hattie and stayed at a hotel, it would cost her much more than if they stayed with us and Nonna paid the running expenses, and that she was happier being with us and doing for us. She says she's been working hard and making money, and now she wants to run a home and have some of the social life she left when she moved away from here. She was a Gaylord, and I guess the Gaylords were—sort of—"

"Socially prominent, my pet," Janet said. "She and your Mrs. Morrison Adams can be nip and tuck."

Mary Fred chuckled. "Evidently there was some nip and tuck between them in years gone by. Nonna was ready, the minute she met Mrs. Adams, with a nip about her living in a little house near a grocery store—which, it seemed to me, would be very handy. Anyway, Nonna and Hattie are planning some teas and receptions for Nonna's old friends."

"Who's this Hattie, this woman-Friday of hers?" Janet asked.

"That's about it. Hattie's so capable and quiet—she's almost an echo of what Nonna says and thinks. She's been with her seventeen years. Imagine!"

"Sounds like a submerged personality," observed Janet.

"Oh, hush, Janet," Mary Fred said. "Hattie told Elizabeth she took a beauty course and she thought she'd go back to her little home town and set up a shop. But when she finished the course she couldn't get a job—and she started working for Nonna just temporarily. And she's still with her."

"I'll bet her real self hates your Nonna for frustrating her ambitions," Janet continued.

Mary Fred let it go at that. They were at the steps of Harkness High. Most of the student body stood about in the sun, waiting for the last bell to draw them in. The words "Spring Formal" were on the lips of different groups. Mary Fred felt an uneasy chill push up under her ribs. Tomorrow night was the dance. Every day this week had been a hard and frightening hurdle to be got over. But the night of the Formal—oh, that was a sick and scary contemplation!

(To be continued)



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TANGEE
Natural

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

FUNCTIONAL SWIMMING

members of the Girl Scouts to pursue in order to qualify themselves for this instruction at a later date, is to follow the swimming program devised by the leaders of their own organization. Then, if the time ever comes that they are needed in the women's auxiliary services of our armed forces, they will have the complete basic training necessary for the functional swimming course.

With the progressive development of swimming facilities during the past twenty years, thousands of boys and girls have taught themselves how to swim. Introduced to the water at an early age, before they have any fear of drowning, they learn to dog paddle, discover that floating is easily mastered, find that with a great deal of splattering and puffing they can propel themselves for some distance. It seems very simple. What is the use of swimming lessons under a specially qualified instructor, they wonder. Yet this is learning to swim the hard way, for few can really master the art by themselves.

What these self-taught swimmers don't realize is that they are using false and waste motions which are fatiguing and far from efficient. Thrown out of a boat into choppy water, or caught in an undertow, they can keep afloat for a while, but nine chances out of ten, if rescue doesn't come immediately, they drown from sheer exhaustion. Certainly they are not able to rescue a drowning companion.

Actually it is considerably easier to teach a non-swimmer how to swim correctly than it is to change a person who has learned to swim incorrectly by his or her own efforts. With the non-swimmer, the teacher can start from scratch with the fundamental movements on which swimming is based; with the self-taught swimmer, the instructor must strive to break bad habits which retard the swimmer's development. It is not always easy to substitute a good habit for a bad one, although it can be done.

To cite an example, the self-trained swimmer believes that to prevent submersion he must keep himself high in the water. To maintain this position, he beats down the

water with stroking movements that spend strength and energy. Later he may discover that natural buoyancy will prevent sinking. In the meantime he has established a habit that may always limit endurance.

It is easy to learn to swim, but like all things worth doing, there is no short cut to accomplishment. The best method yet devised is through a system of graduated courses, such as those advocated by the Girl Scouts and the Red Cross, which begin with the A, B, C's of elementary instruction and carry the learner nearer and nearer to becoming an expert swimmer and lifesaver. Each step in this learning procedure should be thoroughly mastered before progression to the next. Since it is not always possible to practice swimming throughout the year, it may take more than one season before a swimmer is "graduated."

In wartime, when shortage of manpower is keenly felt in civilian activities, girls who are graduated swimmers can render an important service as instructors, or even as lifeguards if they can qualify for this responsible work. If they are planning to enter a service which may take them across the ocean, they are ready for the functional swimming course without further question.

In eight hours under a capable instructor, the majority of a beginners' class can master the elements of training. In ten hours, all but a few problem cases will be paddling about with a considerable degree of ease and confidence. The first principles taught are proper breathing and breath control, full use of the body's natural buoyancy, relaxation, balance in swimming and floating positions, simple stroking and gliding movements, and easy dives. Only after each phase of instruction is separately practiced does the pupil begin to swim, for swimming is the co-ordination of all of them. Elementary safety skills, including release of cramps, assisting a non-swimmer to his feet, and reaching for a drowning victim from shore, complete the beginners' course.

If the simple skills in the beginners' course are thoroughly mastered under the direction

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

and criticism of an instructor, half the battle to become a competent swimmer has been won. The rest is practice and adaptation of strokes. Basically, there are only three ways of floating, three of treading water, three of using the legs, and three of using the arms in swimming. In addition, there are only nine recognized strokes. Intermediate and advanced courses teach the adaptation of first principles to the different styles of swimming.

Like these intermediate and advanced courses, functional swimming also is only the adaptation of first principles to the extraordinary conditions which may crop up during wartime. If every girl who joins the auxiliary services, or enrolls for Red Cross service overseas, had a background and training in aquatics such as that offered by the Girl Scouts, this problem of developing functional swimming technique would be greatly simplified. The big problems—and this has always applied—are to develop good swimmers rather than trick swimmers, to build endurance rather than speed, problems which are easily solved if basic training is sound.

For these reasons the breast stroke and side stroke are used in functional swimming instead of the crawl, since they require less energy and can be sustained for a longer time. Swimming and treading water in a limited area, and floating in a relaxed and restful position are also extremely important. In this latter, girls have the advantage over boys because their balanced body structure gives them added buoyancy.

In the real meaning of the term, all girls can be functional swimmers if they learn by the progressive system described. There is nothing revolutionary in the swimming techniques advocated in the functional swimming course. The same principles have always been inherent in Red Cross courses. However, today we recognize a new purpose in swimming. At least for the duration, it is no longer regarded primarily as recreation, or as an exhibition of speed and style. Today we learn to swim for survival, and to this end we acquire skills which give us ease and endurance in the water.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Arlene drove off, headed for Silver Ridge.

Light as dew at evening, a vague depression crept over Roberta's spirits. In silence she and Tom drove on into Winona, a tiny village of about two hundred souls, far up the Methow Valley. It was only in the canyons and on the plateaus, or "benches," overshadowed by the high Cascades, that the sun had set. Here in the valley, the level rays pouring through Moose Tooth Notch touched windows into bright reflectors and laid a tinge of purple over the foothills to the east.

Tom came to a stop before a small cottage. Bill drew up behind and called, "I'll take this tire on to Pete's Garage. Be back in a jiff."

Roberta went at once to the kitchen to inspect the larder. The tomatoes were just ripe enough—good. And there was still half a jar of strawberry jam that would be grand with hot biscuits. After putting the kettle of stew on the stove to heat, she flew about setting the table with the best doilies and napkins. Everything must be especially nice

SMOKE JUMPER

tonight. Just as she had the biscuit dough tucked into the pan like a lot of satin doll pillows, Bill walked unceremoniously into the kitchen.

"Am I starved!" he exclaimed, a glistening eye on the biscuit pan.

"When do we eat?" roared Tom cheerfully from the living room.

Ordinarily Roberta would have wiped her hands on her apron, tossed her hair out of her eyes, and sat down to eat in the slacks she had worn all day. But tonight she slipped the pan of biscuit dough into the icebox and kept the hungry boys waiting long enough to make a lightning change into a powder-blue dress. Then, hastily brushing her dark curls into a fluffy halo, she tied a blue ribbon around them which brought out the blue of her blue-gray eyes.

Whisking back to the kitchen to pop the biscuits into the oven, she called in a dignified voice, "Dinner is served."

They came with a rush. "Whew, Sis," exclaimed Tom, "why all the glamour?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

"Favorite brother marches off to war—farewell party—see?" retorted Roberta airily. "Lobster à la Newburg," she added, dishing up the warmed-over stew.

"Say, this calls for champagne, no less," said Bill suddenly. "Hold everything a sec, I'll be right back."

The kitchen door banged, and presently came the noisy whir of his motor. In no time at all he was back with two bottles of ginger ale and a pint of ice cream.

They were all bubbling over with nonsense, and it was the gayest of meals. When it was finished, they sat on the front steps to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the August night. It had been really hot in the valley that day.

"A few thunderstorms are about due," remarked Bill. "We have been lucky this year, so far. Not so many fires as usual. By the way, Tom, how is that understudy of yours coming along? He may be needed any day now."

"Not so good," replied Tom, and his voice

sounded worried. "I wish I felt more confidence in Walt."

"Well," said Bill, "he's green, of course, but he'll probably be all right when he's on his own and has it to do."

Hope so," was Tom's answer.

Silence fell on the three. Suddenly Tom said, "That was some car, that cream-colored sedan."

"Wonder what it would feel like to drive a boat like that?" ruminated Bill.

"The girl was all right, too," continued Tom.

"I'll say!" Bill's reply was enthusiastic.

"If you like them little and blond and helpless," thought Roberta jealously—and apparently boys *did*. Again that vague depression crept over her. She roused herself to say, "I think I'll ask Mr. Martin to let me off from the store tomorrow. I'll have a lot to do, to get your things ready, Tom."

Bill rose with a wide yawn. "Well, I'll be seeing you," he said. "The dinner was swell, Bert." He was off in the darkness.

Before Roberta undressed that night, she stared at herself in her looking glass. "Nothing little or blond or helpless about *me*," she murmured. "Almost as tall as Tom, and Bill calls me Bert!" She surveyed her tanned face, smoky dark curls, and sturdy shoulders with distaste, sighed heavily, turned out the light and undressed in the dark.

TWO days after Tom left, Bill dropped in at the neighbor's house where Roberta was staying. He was on his way home from the airfield. "Say," he said, "remember that girl whose tire we changed?"

Roberta said, "Yes." She did not say that the thought of Arlene had filled many of her waking hours.

Bill went on, "She wants to visit the airfield before she leaves these parts. I thought maybe you and she might come up tomorrow. Barring an emergency call, I'll be on the ground about three o'clock. How about it?"

"Fine," answered Roberta, wishing she felt more enthusiasm.

"I'll phone her, then, that you'll be at the field at three o'clock. Okay?"

"Okay."

Now what, thought Roberta as Bill drove away, should she wear? The powder-blue dress was the most becoming thing she had, but she had never yet worn anything but slacks at the airfield. What would Bill think if she appeared all "glamoured up," as Tom would call it? It would look as if she were trying to compete with Arlene. She decided to wear a clean pair of dark blue slacks and a fresh white blouse. But it wouldn't hurt to tie the blue ribbon around her hair.

The next afternoon was unusually hot. As Roberta drove up to the "bench" where the airfield was, she saw that thunderclouds were gathering around Billy Goat Mountain. The sun still shone in the valley, but the air had the breathless quality that presages a storm. This, Roberta knew, was the kind of weather that put every fire guard in the lonely mountain lookouts on the alert. Ninety per cent of all forest fires in this remote region were caused by lightning.

If Tom were here, he would be as taut as a panther about to spring, waiting for the call that would send him into action. A sudden sharp longing for her brother came over her and a lump rose in her throat. Then she

(Continued on page 33)

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MOTHER

WALKERTON, INDIANA: Since it is near Mother's Day I thought I would write about my mother. She is our Girl Scout leader and the girls call her "Mamma Palmer." I think she is the best mother in the world and I want every one to know it. When we lived in Chicago she had a troop of Girl Scouts there, too. Even before I was old enough to be a Girl Scout, she always had some kind of club for girls. Right now she is training our troop for a minstrel show.

I take *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have a two year subscription—Mother gave it to me. I think the magazine is swell, my favorite stories being *Meet the Malones* and those about Lucy Ellen and Pat Downing.

Well, I just wanted you to know about "Mamma Palmer."

Joy Palmer

LITTLE SISTER

CANTON, ILLINOIS: I am a girl almost thirteen years old. I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for three years and I think it is just super. One thing I like about it is the cover designs. I especially liked the cover on the April issue. I wish we could have more articles about movie stars.

I have a little sister five years old. We don't get along very well because she is always dressing up in my clothes.

Although I am not a Girl Scout, I belong to a 4-H Club. I think the Girl Scouts are doing swell things in the war effort.

Jo Ann C. Latimer

GOOD COMPANIONS

PENNINGTON, NEW JERSEY: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over a year and enjoy every issue of it. Lucy Ellen, Midge, Yes-We-Can-Janey, Bushy and Lofty are my favorite characters. *Meet the Malones* is the best serial so far, in my estimation. The joke page is a favorite of the whole family.

I am thirteen years old and have two sisters and a brother, all younger than myself. They are a lot of fun and good companions.

There are several Girl Scout troops in our small town and I belong to one and find it very interesting.

My favorite hobby is working for Scout Badges. I have four so far, and hope to get my other six before school reopens in September. My main ambition for the near future is to become a Senior Scout. My second

A penny for your thoughts

favorite hobby is reading books about horses.

I also collect post cards from the various States. For several years I have taken music lessons and enjoy them immensely. I play the piano, accordion, and violin.

Betty-Lou Holcombe

PERMANENCE

LYONS, COLORADO: Thank you so much, *AMERICAN GIRL* Editors, for your swell stories of Colorado, including *Sky Rabbits Unlimited*, *Merrily She Rode Along*, and *Meet the Malones*. They seem so authentic—in fact, they are! Living here, I know.

My favorites are: *Illustrator*—S. Wendell Campbell; *Department*—Laugh and Grow Scout; *Stories*—continued; and *types of articles*—about music and airplanes.

Our town is situated at the very foot of the Rocky Mountains. I love them. There is something about them that has always held me in a trance. I think it must be their permanence that nothing or no one could ever destroy.

Kathleen Dener

WORKING TOGETHER

GWYNEDD VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA: I have been getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years and think it's tops. I especially enjoy Patricia and Lucy Ellen Downing, but I miss the American Painters series.

I am a First Class Scout with twenty-three badges. Two of these are toward my curved bar. I have been a Girl Scout four years—two years a Brownie and two an Intermediate.

My father is a Captain in the Army and my teacher has joined the WAAC.

Our Troop 108 took over an old bakery and turned it into a salvage depot. We also are selling War Stamps and helping the Red Cross.

Every spring we have a Mother and Daughter Banquet. The girls plan the menu, buy, cook, prepare, and serve the dinner, and afterwards entertain. I hope we can go on working together in the future as in the past.

Nancy Wolf

PATTIE'S AMBITION

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years, and I don't know what I would do without it. I am a Second Class Scout now and hope to be a First Class one soon.

Since Mother makes all my clothes, the patterns we have in our magazine help out very much. I like the styles.

Please have more aviation stories. You see, I want to be a test pilot when I grow up. Of course that's quite a way from now, since I am only thirteen, but I still have my dreams.

I like the serials *The Sky Blue Trailer* and *Meet the Malones*. They are super. My favorite characters are Midge, Lucy Ellen—and best of all, I like Yes-We-Can-Janey and Patricia Downing.

My favorite sports are swimming, bicycling, and basketball.

I certainly hope I can take this magazine till I'm old with age.

Patricia (Pattie) Ashworth

BROWNIE—A DOG

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA: My name is Mary Elizabeth Rogers. I have a mother, father, sister, and a dog. My dog's name is Brownie White-Paws Rogers. We call her Brownie for short. When she was a puppy she had four white paws. Now she has only one—the other three have turned brown. She has a white chest, and when she is clean it shines like everything. We have had her over two years.

She is a sweet dog. She lets us do anything we want to her, but when she is hurt by accident she whimpers. My sister and I have put doll clothes on her before. I made her a little paper hat and put it on her. She looked so cute in it.

Mary Elizabeth Rogers

THE MALONES

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY: I have not been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very long, but I think it's super duper. The Malones are swell. It's too bad there aren't some more families like that in America.

I like stories about girls' posture and dresses. I am going to try to obey all the rules of *Girl Scouts' Reporting for Duty with I'm, Vigor, and Vitality*.

A few months ago a girl said that all the other magazines she ever took were too "goody-goody." Well, she took the words right out of my mouth!

I am eleven, going on twelve years old. I'll be very glad when I get out of grammar school and into junior high.

I hope every Girl Scout can go to camp this summer because I know what fun it is.

Sybil Chance

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

SMOKE JUMPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

straightened her shoulders. She was being weak, and Tom liked strength—strength and courage.

At the airfield she found that Arlene had already arrived, wearing a trim blue-and-white sport suit and a smart little blue hat. Bill, in flying togs, goggles pushed up over his helmet, stood talking to her. He waved a welcome to Roberta and exclaimed, "Good! You're in time for the fireworks." He nodded toward the blue-black clouds piled above the nearest ridge. "But first there's time to show Arlene how Region Six handles its wilderness fires."

They walked over to the equipment shed, where Bill explained the intricacies of a smoke jumper's suit. "Here's where he carries his knife, and here's his rope, and all snug and tight in this pocket is his two-way radio set."

"It looks like a football-suit," remarked Arlene. "Or a baseball catcher's," she added, noticing the wire face-mask attached to the helmet.

Roberta, to whom this was an old story, strolled over to the doorway where the manager of the airfield, and Walt, her brother's understudy, stood staring out at the storm already beginning to break over the Cascades.

"A humdinger," Walt remarked, shifting his feet nervously. Lightning was cutting zigzag streaks of fire in the dark mass of cloud around Billy Goat peak. The whole sky was now overcast, and presently a veil of rain blotted out the mountaintops. Booms of thunder came to their ears, but the storm spent most of its fury among the peaks, sweeping down the valley in little more than a passing shower.

When it was over, Bill took Arlene out to look at the planes on the ground, explaining meanwhile how the war emergency had crippled the fire service. Instead of two or more smoke jumpers to every plane, there was now only one. In fact, now that Tom had left, there was only one jumper on the field. And two fire scouts had to do the work of four.

Roberta tagged along, trying not to feel out of it. Arlene gazed at Bill with a rapt expression in her big, blue eyes. There could be no doubt about her genuine interest. "She is really nice," thought Roberta, wondering how it would seem to have Bill help her in and out of a plane, the careful way he was helping Arlene. Evidently he was explaining every technicality known to airplane pilots. "Oh, hum," sighed Roberta, her spirits taking a nose dive into the depths.

Suddenly came a shout from the shed. "Hi! Courtney!"

Bill wheeled about. The airfield manager was beckoning. "Yours, Courtney! Looks like lightning has struck in the Needle Peak Range, beyond Moose Creek."

Without a word Bill loped toward the shed. The two girls followed more slowly. Roberta felt the thrill she always felt at such

a call. Now if Tom were here, he would be hustling into his smoke jumper's suit.

Bill called out to Walt, who still lingered in the doorway. "Get going, kid!" and turned to get the exact location of the fire. Eagle Top lookout had spotted a wisp of smoke and radioed in. Many miles from a Ranger Station, it was clearly a case for a parachute fighter, for it would take a ground crew at least three or four hours to reach the spot. Whole acres of good Douglas fir could go up in smoke by that time.

Bill was already warming up his motor. Arlene stood watching, open-mouthed with excitement. Roberta's very fingertips tingled. She watched for Walt to appear, as she had so often watched for Tom. Bill shouted to Walt to hurry.

Impulsively Roberta ran to the equipment shed. Walt stood in the middle of the locker room, fumbling with the strap of his helmet. "Here, I'll fasten it for you," she cried. Then she caught sight of Walt's face. It was pallid, his eyes were glassy, his mouth quivered.

"I—I can't do it!" he gasped, turning panic-stricken eyes upon her.

"Walt!" She spoke sharply and gave his arm a little shake. "You must buck up, do you hear? You must!"

She tried to fasten his helmet, but he pulled away from her, staggered over to a bench and sank down on it, burying his face in his shaking hands.

Roberta stood rooted with horror. What would Tom have done in such a situation? As she glanced wildly around the room, her eyes fell on Tom's smoke jumper's suit, hanging in the open locker. The noise of Bill's motor increased—clearly he was impatient. Time meant everything—speed, the most important thing in fighting a fire.

Suddenly Roberta knew what she must do. She ran across to the open locker, snatched Tom's suit down and crawled into it, blessing her decision to wear slacks. With a firm hand she snapped the wire mask down over her face. Her practiced eyes saw that the parachute was properly folded and placed. Recalling Tom's patient reiterations, she made sure that rope, knife, and radio-set were in their respective pockets. Then, without a glance at the cowering Walt, she ran out to the waiting plane.

It was not until they were winging over the airfield that she realized with certainty that neither Bill in front of her at the controls, nor Arlene still gazing up from below, knew of the substitution. Fleeting, she wondered what Arlene would think when she found out. She hoped Bill would not know until after the jump. Otherwise he might refuse to let her do it.

The jump—she must concentrate on that. Resolutely she shut her mind on fear. Tom had done it, over and over. What was it he used to say? "If you have it to do, you do it." Well, she had it to do.

As they mounted up and up, she mustered

all she could remember about the task ahead. And now they were skimming over scarred needle points of mountains. She peered out. Far ahead, on a densely wooded hillside, was a drift of smoke. Presently they were flying lower and circling above the spot. It wasn't much of a fire—yet. Seen more closely, the woods were not so dense, and Roberta could make out what appeared to be a tall stump, or dead tree, burning in a small clearing. Some surrounding underbrush was beginning to smoke.

She looked at Bill now, knowing it was time for him to drop the small test chute to measure the wind drift. There it went—a ten-pound burlap bag of sand attached to a baby parachute. They both leaned out to measure its drift with their eyes. Bill was good at this kind of measuring. The little bag landed in the clearing some yards from the fire.

Now then! Roberta sat taut, feeling suddenly cold all over, waiting for Bill's signal. Up went his hand. She sprang to open the little door and let down the two steps. Poised, stooping, she now awaited the final signal, the signal to jump. Her heart skipped a beat as her icy fingers clutched the rip cord of the parachute. "Count three, count three," her stiff lips murmured, while the beating of her heart drowned out the noise of the motor. Ah, there it came, Bill's signal to jump! She lunged forward into space.

Worse than all nightmares of falling was this terrifying sensation. "One, two, three!" Frantically she pulled the cord of the parachute. For one fearful second nothing happened, just the rush of air against her face. Then came the jerk, and the sudden slowing up of her plunge. Able to breathe again, she glanced up at the blessed canopy of the parachute billowing over her head, then down to see the earth rushing up to meet her. Watching sharply, she pulled gently on the guide lines. No, it wouldn't be any fun to land in a treetop.

Bill had reckoned well. Roberta came down near the edge of the clearing—thank goodness she was able to avoid the branch that almost caught the parachute! The force of the landing sent her tumbling, but she bounced up quickly, unhurt.

"Watch the plane, not the fire! Watch the plane!" Snatching off the clumsy helmet, she gazed upward at the circling plane. Now for the tool kit. Here it came, flaunting a brilliant yellow streamer to mark its course. As it came to rest in a near-by bush, Roberta was already divesting herself of the heavy jumper suit and parachute.

The crackling of the fire rose above the throb of Bill's motor. Speed now, speed! Hurry, hurry! She dragged the heavy tool chest out of the tangle of underbrush still wet from the recent rain. A wave of smoke rolled into her face, a choking, stinging blast that brought the tears to her eyes and made her cough.

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For a moment panic overwhelmed her. The crackle of the flames shooting up from the tall, dead stump of the tree was increasing ominously. And the fire was spreading—the surrounding underbrush was smoking in several places. What if she couldn't put it out? What if she herself was burned up in the fire? A sob rose in her throat. The jump from the plane seemed like a game compared to this thing she had to do. But she had it to do. Tom had said, when you had it to do, you *did* it.

Choking back a sob, she fumbled with frantic fingers at the tool kit. Somewhere in the back of her mind floated an old saying. "More haste, less speed." Speed—the most important thing! She forced her trembling hands to be more deliberate, and concentrated her whole mind on the task to be done. It was not for nothing that she had listened, hours on end, to Tom's stories of fire fighting. She knew just what to look for in the tool kit; it was as familiar to her as a first-aid kit is to a trained nurse.

Drawing on the heavy gloves, she seized the shovel. Fortunately it was of light weight, for easy carrying. Choosing a spot just beyond the smoldering underbrush, she began to dig. Turn up as much of the dry, spongy soil as possible and throw the dirt on the smoking bushes where the fire was hottest—that was the procedure, over and over. At last the worst of the flames were smothered. Seizing the ax, she cut the underbrush away from the fire edge.

After what seemed an endless time, she paused and straightened her aching back to survey her progress. The stump was still burning. Around it was an area of blackened grass and smoldering bushes. But the smoke was less—much less. A feeling of hope surged through her and gave her tired muscles new strength.

Around the area she dug a fire trail about a foot wide. This she knew she must widen, all the while removing needles and twigs and inflammable debris. She must bend every ounce of energy to her task. Her breath came in panting sobs, her eyes stung, and her throat felt raw as the acrid smoke rose about

her. Her hands, in the thick gloves, hurt her, and it seemed as if her back must break. But the smoke grew less and less, as the last tongues of flame in the bushes were smothered. The stump itself smoldered harmlessly now. Roberta dared admit it—the fire was beaten! But just to make sure, she continued to mix dirt with the charred embers until not a vestige of fire remained.

Gradually the movements of her arms, wielding the shovel, became slower and slower until, utterly exhausted, numb in body and mind, she sank to the ground. The fire was out, the forest was saved.

PRESENTLY Roberta began to be conscious of increasing pain in her stinging, blistered hands. A little first aid would be welcome. She dragged herself over to the tool kit, which was equipped not only with first-aid remedies, but with two days' rations and a canteen of drinking water. Before attending to her hands, she took a long drink of the cool water. How good it felt to her parched and sore throat! The soothing cream eased the palms of her hands, and she stretched herself out on the ground, too tired to wonder how she should get home.

Presently, half dozing, she was startled into realization that, for some time, a sound had been knocking at the door of her consciousness. She sat up, wide awake. A plane was circling overhead, dangerously low above the wooded slopes, the hum of the motor filling the air. It must be Bill, of course. She scrambled to her feet and waved. There was an answering wave, then a tiny parachute detached itself and came floating down to earth near by. It was one of the ten-pound sandbags used for testing wind drift. Bound to it with string was a note from Bill. It said:

"I didn't know till I got back to the field after the fire was out. I was about to report what a swell job Walt had done. Gosh, Roberta, I don't know how to say it, but—well, I don't think another girl in the world would have done it. A couple of Rangers started half an hour ago to bring you out. They should reach you soon after dark. I wanted to

go along, but my job is here, of course. That storm started three other fires, all luckily within reach of ground crews. Build a little bonfire so you'll feel cozier. I don't need to warn you to have it well inside your fire trail. Snappy work—that fire trail!

"Bill."

"P. S. I'm thinking how proud Tom will be of you, but he'll have nothing on me there. B."

All the depression that had hovered over Roberta's spirit for days vanished like mist before the sun. A flood of happiness surged over her that made her forget her sore throat, her stinging palms, and aching back. Running to the middle of the clearing, she waved both arms jubilantly. Bill dipped his wings in salute before disappearing over the needle-pointed rim of mountain. Blithely she went about building her bonfire. It would serve a threefold purpose—keep her warm, discourage possible cougars or bears, and guide the Rangers to her on the last lap of their trek. Daylight was fading fast, and already a chill had crept into the mountain air.

A little later, Roberta sat hugging her knees close to the fire, trying to stifle a creeping sense of loneliness and fear—fear of the vast, unknown wilderness surrounding her. She looked up at the great trees. Valuable timber they were, Douglas firs. If it had not been for her, they might at this moment have been charred and smoking ruins, their tall, straight trunks forever destroyed. There they stood, whispering together in the gathering darkness. Did they know that she had saved them? Suddenly her heart went out to them with a rush of love and thankfulness. They belonged to her, these trees; they were part of her heritage as an American.

As darkness deepened, she took up Bill's letter and read it again by the light of the fire. Then, folding it carefully, she tucked it into the front of her blouse. Why be afraid? Staring dreamily into the fire, seeing in its flaming embers a score of happy pictures, she settled down confidently to wait for the Rangers.

JUDY JESSUP ~ *Good Soldier*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

crossing the uncertain looking bridge. "Come, boy," Judy coaxed, "it's safe enough." And she pulled at his reins. Hesitantly he placed a hoof on the slippery log. "That's right," she encouraged, "only two more steps and we're over."

Blaze's faith in her reassured itself and the logs rumbled under his feet as he made his way safely across. The worst stretch of trail was now past so Judy climbed into the saddle again. In a few moments they came to the rocky field and left the trail. The rain had ceased and the sky showed a patch or two of blue.

Blaze picked his way among the boulders that bestrewed the field while Judy's eyes sought the wreckage of the plane. Yes, there it was—and there was a still form lying a few yards away from it, evidently thrown out by the crash. She dismounted, tying the horse to a bush, and bent over the recumbent figure of the aviator. His flying suit was sodden with water and his helmet had been ripped off by the fall. There was an ugly wound on his head and one leg was stretched out straight in front of him, the other bent

naturally at the knee. As Judy knelt to feel his pulse, his eyes opened.

"Where did you come from?" he asked vaguely, struggling to sit up.

"Lie still," she cautioned. "Are you alone?"

"Pilot in plane," he mumbled. "Get him out."

Judy pressed a clean handkerchief to the wound on his head and held it there till the trickle of blood was checked.

"Are you hurt anywhere else?" she asked.

"My leg," he said. Judy touched his stretched-out leg as gently as she could, but even so a half-choked moan was eloquent of the pain her fingers caused.

"Can you move it at all?"

"Uh-huh," he grunted. "But it feels like a red hot poker."

Judy wrinkled her brow. "It can't be broken if you can move it," she said. "Probably you've strained it badly and bruised it worse."

"Don't bother about me any more," the boy muttered. "Take care of the pilot."

Judy left him and hurried to the wreckage.

The cockpit of the plane was crumpled, but still intact except for the hood which was shattered. She could just see the helmeted head of the pilot bent forward over the controls. Climbing up on the wing, she touched him on the shoulder.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"My head aches," he groaned. He tried to grasp the edge of the cockpit to pull himself up, but sank back. "Arm's broken, I guess. Can you help me out?"

Judy grasped him under the armpits, struggling to help him to his feet. Breathing heavily, he managed to pull his legs up and over. With Judy supporting him, he slid to the ground.

She examined his arm. The break appeared to be a simple fracture in his right forearm. She took the bandanna from her throat and made a sling to keep the arm's weight from dragging.

"That's better," he thanked her. "Where's Jeff? Is he okay?"

"He's lying over there," said Judy. "There's a cut on his head and his leg is hurt." She

(Continued on page 36)



Laugh and Grow Scout

Obedient

The stationmaster on the East Indian Railway had been given strict orders not to do anything out of the ordinary without authority from the superintendent. This accounts for his sending the following telegram: "Superintendent's Office, Calcutta. Tiger on platform eating conductor. Please wire instructions."—*Sent by VEDA JOAN BLAIR, Menomonie, Wisconsin.*

Retort

Bill had quarreled with his girl. After the quarrel came a letter from her, asking him to return her photograph. Highly incensed, he gathered up all the photographs in the house, wrapped them, and enclosed this note: "Pick it out—I've forgotten what you look like."—*Sent by MARGARET HOLLAND, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.*

Incomplete



JOHNNY: Grandmother, do you have any brothers or sisters?

GRANDMOTHER: Yes, dear, I have a half brother.

JOHNNY: Oh! Where's the other half?—*Sent by NELLIE ANNE ROWE, Newport News, Virginia.*

You Don't Say!

STOREKEEPER: What can I do for you, Mrs. Jones?

MRS. JONES: I would like to have a bottle of white shoe blacking.—*Sent by LELA BETT, Cimarron, Kansas.*

The Prize-Winning Joke

At the Meat Market



CUSTOMER: Gee, it's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for meat!

BUTCHER: Yes, but it's tougher when you pay twenty-five cents.—*Sent by CAROL BURKE, Glendale, California.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

The Difficulty

FATHER: It's a good plan, my dear, to think before you speak.

DAUGHTER: But, Dad, by the time I do that, the other girls have changed the subject.—*Sent by NORMA SLOTKIN, New York, New York.*

Tall Tale

A man rigged up a scarecrow in his garden to frighten away birds that had been eating his seeds.

"Was it a success?" he was asked.

"A success?" the man exclaimed.

"Why, those birds were so scared they not only stopped taking seeds, but some of them actually brought back what they'd stolen."—*Sent by JEAN ROBINSON, Elyria, Ohio.*

Candor

"Why did you leave your last position?"

"Illness. The boss got sick of me."—*Sent by JANCY HUNTER, Topeka, Kansas.*

In the Cornfield

BABY CORN EAR: Where did I come from, Mama?

MAMA CORN EAR: The stalk brought you, darling.—*Sent by MARJORIE STUKES, Decatur, Georgia.*

In the Jungle



GUIDE: Quick—there's a full grown leopard! Shoot him on the spot.

LORD DUMBLEIGH: Which spot? I say, be more specific, my man.—*Sent by BARBARA DICKTER, Brooklyn, New York.*

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JUDY JESSUP ~ *Good Soldier*

helped the pilot over to the other flyer and eased him to the ground. "Do you have a first aid kit in the plane?"

"Right hand pocket."

Judy climbed the plane's wing again and found the kit. She hurried back with it. Removing the handkerchief compress from Jeff's wound, she touched it with disinfectant and bandaged his head.

"Good girl," he roused himself to say. "Lucky for us you came along. Where are we, anyway?"

"You're on Bald Top Mountain," Judy said. "It's about twenty miles from Meadville. I saw you crash from the road below. What happened to your plane?"

"Motor went dead," said the pilot. "But first we lost our way in the storm. Tough luck, Jeff," he added. "Does your leg hurt much?"

Jeff grimaced. "No worse than your arm." He looked at Judy. "I say we owe a debt of thanks to this young lady." He shivered as he spoke, and fumbled inside his flying suit, producing a battered package of cigarettes and a folder of matches.

"Good," cried Judy. "you have matches! I'll make a fire and see if we can't get you warmer—at least dry you off. And I've some sandwiches and milk in a thermos in my saddlebag. But first I must get you warm. Blaze's saddle blanket will help, and I'll soon have a fire going."

She loosened the girth and lifted the saddle, removing the blanket from under it. It was sweat-dampened, but warm from Blaze's body heat. She placed it over the men, then began to gather twigs and branches, searching under the trees for the driest sticks.

Borrowing a penknife from one of the young aviators, she cut shavings from some of the sticks. With the twigs and shavings for kindling, she built her fire in the shelter of a rock, feeding it carefully until the flames were steady in the rapidly falling dusk. Then, before the daylight failed entirely, she made repeated trips for wood, building a reserve pile to keep the fire going.

The two flyers watched with interest.

"How'd you learn to do that?" the one named Jeff asked when she had finished her work. "And how'd you learn first aid?"

"I'm a Girl Scout," said Judy.

"Might have known it," the pilot grinned. "Are they all like you? And say, you haven't told us your name."

"It's Judith Jessup," said Judy, and added shyly, "I don't know your names, either."

"We are remiss," Jeff laughed ruefully. "My pal here is Lieutenant Andrew Clark and I'm Jeff Hamilton, also lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. And now that we've observed the amenities, our immediate problem is to get a doctor—and send word to our commanding officer in Washington. Would it be too much to ask you to ride for help?"

Judy hesitated. "I don't think I ought to leave you," she said. "Someone's got to keep the fire going, for it gets cold up here on the mountain at night—and you need to be kept warm. No one could get up here to rescue you for several hours." She wrinkled her brow in thought. "I have it!" she exclaimed. "We'll send Blaze for help. Have either of you some paper and a pencil?"

Lieutenant Hamilton nodded, reaching inside his suit.

She quickly explained. "I'll write a note, telling where you are and in what condition, and give any message you want sent. I'll tie it to Blaze's bridle and he'll go home alone. My uncle will find the note and bring help. He's probably worrying now because it's getting so late and I haven't come back."

"Smart plan," the pilot said. Lieutenant Hamilton handed her paper and pencil and she hastily scribbled a message to Uncle Fred. "What else do you want to say?" she asked.

"Ask him to wire Colonel Willoughby—" he gave the address—"that Lieutenants Clark and Hamilton are delayed by plane crash, say where, and that both are safe though injured."

Judy wrote again and then tied the note to Blaze's bridle with her handkerchief. She loosened him from the bush, gave him a light slap on his rump and said, "Go home, Blaze!" The horse looked at her questioningly. "Home!" she repeated, and Blaze, hungry for his long delayed supper oats, obediently started off.

Night had shut down in earnest now. Judy kept the fire going, making trip after trip to the pile of wood she had collected. She was glad she had her sweater for the night air was really cold. Though her blouse was still damp, the heat of the fire had dried it somewhat, and exercising kept her warm. Stars studded the sky now, and the light of the fire made bright eddies in the darkness. The two flyers were silent and Judy, glancing at them from time to time, could tell from their faces that they were suffering. Now and then they roused themselves to ask her a question, obviously making an effort to ignore their pain. She opened the package of sandwiches and they munched companionably together.

Judy couldn't resist putting a question or two herself.

"Have you fought the Japs yet?" she asked.

Lieutenant Clark nodded. "Jeff, here, had a skirmish or two with them on Bataan and got to Java in time for the fireworks there, and was making things hot for them in the Solomons till he was ordered home to do a tour of war plants."

"The same goes for Andy," Lieutenant Hamilton interrupted. "He missed the show on Bataan, but he made up for it at Port Moresby and on Guadalcanal. And after surviving all that, we had to crack up on a mountain at home." His voice was bitter.

"My brother is in New Guinea—or was the last we heard," said Judy, and listened avidly to stories about the fighting there.

The two boys in turn drew Judy out about her own summer and she told them of the work she had been doing on Uncle Fred's farm. "What I've been doing is useful enough, I guess, but it seems so unimportant and just plain dull compared to being a soldier."

"Don't belittle what you've been doing," Lieutenant Hamilton told her. "Andy and I have been in this war long enough to know that it's not the big, spectacular jobs that count the most. It's the everyday hard work without any honors that is going to win." He broke off, embarrassedly. "I know I sound preachy," he apologized, "but it's true. Sticking to a chore that's boring but necessary

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

and doing it the best you know how, that's fighting for Uncle Sam just as much as being in the front lines."

"Jeff's making sense," Lieutenant Clark agreed, seriously. "We both take off our hats to you."

They didn't talk after that, but Judy felt a warm glow of happiness inside of her. The two boys dozed fitfully, but pain kept them from real sleep. Judy wished she had some way of relieving their suffering. She glanced at her wrist watch. Twelve o'clock. Uncle Fred should arrive soon. But it would have taken him a while to round up a rescue party and perhaps they had been delayed waiting for Dr. Smith. She had asked particularly that he bring a doctor. And, of course, at night and on foot, the trail would take longer to negotiate. Surely Blaze had reached home safely and they had found her message.

An hour or so later, she saw lanterns bobbing up the trail and heard a shout. "We're all right!" she hailed as she ran toward the little group slowly mounting the steep path. The warmth of Uncle Fred's hug left no doubt of his relief at finding her.

Doctor Smith and the other men came putting up and together the group moved toward the fire. The boys were introduced to their rescuers and the doctor examined their injuries. He gave Judy a nod of approval as he noted the sling on Lieutenant Clark's arm and the bandage on Jeff's head. Expertly, he splinted the arm and put it back in the sling. Then it was Jeff's turn.

"No bones broken in that leg," said the doctor after a few minutes of gentle probing. "A torn ligament, though, and some bad bruises. And you've had a slight concussion. But we brought stretchers and we'll get you down as comfortably as possible."

Uncle Fred had been pouring cups of coffee from the large thermos he carried and the young aviators accepted the hot drink gratefully. Then, with lanterns lighting their precarious way, the cavalcade slowly moved down the trail to the cars waiting below.

The boys were white and spent when they reached the foot of the mountain. "I'll take them with me," said Doctor Smith, helping first one and then the other into his car. "They'll have to stay in the hospital for a while—we will want to make sure there are no internal injuries."

Judy joined the others clustered around the car to say good-by. The boys took turns pumping her hand. "We can't say our thanks," Lieutenant Hamilton was spokesman, "but you must know how we feel."

He reached inside his torn flying suit and unpinned something from his blouse. "This belongs more rightfully to you than to me," he said and, leaning forward, he slipped it into Judy's hand. "A medal for a good soldier. Keep it for me till the war's over—and then I'll come back and claim it."

Judy, speechless, could only nod; the lump in her throat threatened to choke her as the car drove off. Her fingers felt the medal hesitantly, but Uncle Fred raised his lantern to get a better view.

"Gosh, Judy," he said, impressed, "It's the Distinguished Flying Cross!" He patted her shoulder, beaming. "You know how the citations always read for those medals. They are awarded only for 'unusual gallantry in action.'"

LET'S BE CATTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

publicity by rescuing her kittens from a barn fire that the American Humane Society issued a certificate of bravery to her. Soon afterward, Mayor Tom Holling received from N. D. Hackett of London, England, organizer of the Honorable Company of Cats, a disk making Whitey an honorary member of that organization.

The value of cats to countries at war is a modern discovery. In the last war, rats became so prevalent in the trenches in France that they were not only a nuisance, but a menace as carriers of disease. The rats were so big and ferocious that they were more than a match for the European cats, so a London inspector of police, Cuthbert Kidder, came to America, in 1917, to collect a cargo of more robust cats from the wharves of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other Eastern seaports, to be shipped to the Western Front. I have been unable to discover whether Inspector Kidder got his cats or not.

But this I do know, that on February 9, 1941, a London dealer in animals advertised for one thousand cats to be distributed among air raid shelters. Not only were they of the utmost value in suppressing their natural enemies, mice and rats, but they brought a distinct air of calm and cheerfulness to the retreats.

Twenty years ago cats were considered so valuable in Moscow, and had become so scarce, that owners would take them out on leashes so as to be sure not to lose them. And in the beginning of the century, when Japan was just discovering how unsanitary living conditions were in its big cities, that country imported thousands of cats from the United States to drive vermin from its slums. The fact that New York is the healthiest of all the great cities of the world may be due in part to the fact that it has an enormous feline population, estimated ten years ago at several millions.

Most mysterious of all the qualities of a cat is its ability to find its way home from great distances. In 1941, Mrs. Mary Skiles of Garnett, Kansas, shipped her Persian to her son at Augusta, Kansas, one hundred and forty-seven miles away. A year later the cat reappeared at Mrs. Skiles's home. In 1938, Mrs. George Turgeon of Superior, Wisconsin, took her cat, Tommy, on a visit to Fort Win, forty miles distant. The cat ran away and was home in three weeks. One of the fastest of such journeys was made by a cat owned by W. J. Guimond of Coeur D'Alene, Idaho. It was taken to Boise, four hundred and seventy-four miles away, and was back in four months. Sheriff Newman of Yuma, Arizona, took his cat into the mountains when he went on a vacation in 1937 and couldn't find it when he was ready to go home; but the cat turned up in Yuma a few months later, apparently none the worse for its adventure in the wilds. Such experiences are innumerable and mystifying. How a cat, shut up in a crate and traveling in a railway car, knows in what direction its former home lies, is something beyond all scientific explanation. The only other creature which has this trait developed to such a high degree is the carrier pigeon.

To say that all cats do this or that, is, of course, silly. They will sometimes go contrary to traditions, as did an ambitious puss named Justice, belonging to O. J. Stodghill

of Washington, D. C. From its home behind the Capitol, it watched the ten million dollar home of the United States Supreme Court being built, and when the building was finished it left its home and moved in. That is its permanent address, and not all the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States has been sufficient to evict it.

For the cat is strange and individual. It makes its own decisions in its own way, and they are final. There is no creature on earth so persistent in carrying out a course or a routine. Take for example a mother cat about to have a family. It noses about the house and selects the proper place for them to be born, and that is where they are born. In my family, a cat once decided to have its kittens in a dress closet. An elderly lady in the household, wise to the ways of cats, discovered Mimi showing much more than casual interest in the closet and informed the family of the fact, saying there was nothing to be done about it. Well, everyone was warned not to open the door of that closet when the cat was in the room and were told to be sure Mimi was not inside before closing it. Every possible precaution was taken. No use! One morning mewing was heard, the closet was opened, and there was Mimi and her family of four newborn kittens. As had been feared, she had clawed a silk dress off its hanger to provide a bed.

Desmonia was a cat that lived at the Coast Guard station at Point Allerton. With no prompting, she instituted a call system for the men. Fifteen minutes before the time for change of watch, she would set up a yowling which became terrific if she were ignored. She always watched the drills, and when a patrol was leaving she would watch the boat out of sight and go down to the beach from time to time until it returned.

Edwin C. Hill tells of Ethelbert, a cat in the New York County Court House, that liked to perch on the mailbox in the main corridor and watch the letters dropping down the chute. Sometimes the chute became clogged, through the box filling up or for other reasons, and then Ethelbert, it is said, would go to the information desk and call the attention of the clerk, John McCauley, to the irregularity.

Folsom prison in California had a cat that was the bane of the life of the prisoners. Some of the inmates liked to pilfer food from the dining room and take it to their cells for a midnight snack. This was against the rules, but was difficult to prevent until Bad News came along. No sooner would the convict settle down for his forbidden repast than there would come a miaowing outside his cell, which would continue, louder and louder, until a guard arrived to investigate. Nor could the cat be bribed into silence by bits of food.

A still more active enemy of the criminal classes was Nig, a black cat that became famous at the Thirtieth Street Police Station, in New York, about twenty years ago. Criminals are essentially ignorant and stupid, though they may display shrewdness in certain respects, and superstition is usually prevalent among ignorant and stupid persons.

One day a cabman was being questioned. He was suspected of having beaten a passenger and robbing him of two hundred dollars. While the questioning was going on,

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Nig strolled in and paraded back and forth in front of the suspect. Finally the man could stand it no longer.

"Take dat black cat away an' Ah'll tell de trufe," he shouted.

His confession gave the detectives an idea. They began questioning suspects in a dark room, with Nig perched on the mantel opposite them. In the gloom there was nothing for the prisoner to look at but the steady gleam of two big green eyes, and many a criminal confessed under that hateful glare.

Quite accidental was the service performed for detectives by a cat last year, when the police were looking for sellers of the drug, marijuana. A cat was seen nosing about a package that had been tossed away by a man who was being followed. The police caught the man, but feared they had lost the package which they supposed contained a supply of the drug. Then along came kitty, tossing the small parcel about and having a lot of fun with it. It turned out that the package contained nothing but catnip. However, the man had been selling it as marijuana to gullible addicts, so he was convicted of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Domesticated animals have a code of ethics all their own, bearing little resemblance to what we call morality. To the cat or dog the master is a godlike creature, his person to be guarded, his needs served, his whims humored. There is no other law, and it is not strange that animals, in religiously following their code, sometimes make what seem to us ridiculous mistakes.

Mrs. Charles Edward Russell, of Washington, had a cat whose collecting habits became embarrassing. She started by bringing home bits of rags, paper bags, and such worthless articles. This was ignored, but when Jenny's proud contributions to the household included a pair of silk stockings, a sponge, an apron, and a pair of trousers, Mrs. Russell felt it necessary to make a round of the neighborhood to restore the loot to its owners. Jenny had been systematically robbing clotheslines, though how she came upon the sponge no one seemed to know. There was no way of explaining to Jenny the immorality of her conduct. I am sorry to say that I never heard what finally happened to this devoted creature, who thought she was doing something really constructive for her

embarrassed and unappreciative mistress.

A cat in Rye, New York, got more satisfactory results and great appreciation from its owner, Mrs. May Birdsell. This animal brought home a string of beads and presented them to Mrs. Birdsell, who thought they were quite nice, cleaned them, and wore them for several days before she noticed an advertisement of a lost pearl necklace. She wondered if that was what the cat had found—and sure enough it was! Mrs. Elgood M. Lufkin, the owner, gave Mrs. Birdsell four hundred dollars for returning it. Nice kitty!

More serious consequences ensued from the inability of some Hoboken cats to distinguish between right and wrong. There had been a series of fires in small stores in that city in 1920, and C. D. West, investigator for the National Association of Credit Men, made a careful study of the reports. He noticed, in each instance, that a cat was either rescued, or had been burned to death. By patient detective work he found a man in Chester, Pennsylvania, who had made a profession of training cats to start fires, and selling them to merchants who were in financial difficulties and wanted to collect insurance.

This man would place a kerosene lamp on a table and teach the cat to push it around with its paws, giving it some choice morsel of food every time it did so. He was careful, of course, to catch the lamp when it fell from the table, so the only idea the cat associated with the trick was something good to eat. The merchant who bought the cat would leave it in the store with the lighted lamp, and would be miles away when the fire occurred. Left alone in the shop, the cat naturally amused itself with its most familiar game—but when it pushed the lamp off the edge of the table there was no one to catch it and prevent the fire which naturally resulted.

One day, about twenty years ago, watchmen at a Hoboken pier noticed a strange creature prowling about. Upon closer exami-

nation it proved to be, fundamentally, a white cat, but it was very dirty, its tail was bright orange, and there was a broad bright-green stripe down its back. By keeping a close watch on the cat's movements, they were led to a place where a half million dollars worth of stolen dyes had been hidden. The thieves had decorated the cat to test the dyes, had neglected or had been unable to remove the coloring matter. Here the cat was the victim and not the engineer of the crime or its detection, but still the case goes down as another instance of feline usefulness.

One of the most engaging qualities of the cat is its highly developed maternal instinct. Any small, motherless creature which it comes upon, it will almost invariably take under its care. Puppies, squirrels, rabbits, foxes, and even birds and baby rats have been found enjoying this protection. On farms where foxes are raised for their fur, advantage has been taken of this trait. Mother foxes are notoriously inefficient, and their pups often die because the vixen is nervous and inattentive to their needs. So the litters are frequently turned over to the care of cats. On a fox farm at Jordanville, New York, a mother cat even preferred the red fox babies to her own.

Mrs. Bertha Drumm has a poultry farm at Rosemont, New Jersey, and one day her cat gathered together five newly hatched chicks and took them into the kitchen, cuddling them tenderly. Her own kittens, a short time before, had been born dead. The motherly cat then went out and hunted up a mouse which it offered to the chicks. When they wouldn't eat it, she was deeply hurt and annoyed, drove them out of the house, and they had to be rescued by Mrs. Drumm.

There never was any explanation of an incident that occurred in Mike Guerrero's restaurant at 56 Rivington Street, New York, on Sunday, July 18, 1940. In a back room, Mr. Guerrero's big cat was found nursing five newborn kittens and two diminutive puppies.

Where the latter came from nobody was able to discover.

There have been innumerable stories of the friendship of cats and other animals that are usually considered their enemies, but the one I like best concerns a cat which belonged to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Blomquist of Cambridge, Massachusetts. In March, 1939, a dog they owned had to be sent to a veterinary for an operation. Fluffy, their Persian cat, had been an inseparable companion of the dog and began yowling plaintively about the house, finally going on a hunger strike. Unable to stand it, the owner took the cat to the hospital to join the dog, whereupon the latter recovered its health and the cat its cheerfulness.

Hibiscus, a sixteen-pound cat, probably still living at Fishers Island, New York, once had a rabbit for a playmate. The rabbit died, and in the year that followed, Hibiscus brought home alive one hundred and fifty cottontails.

Cats are supposed to hate water, but Tommy, a cat owned by Mervin Bedell, a boy in Oceanside, Long Island, went swimming with him regularly, of its own accord.

The cats of St. Ives, England, catch their own fish in the shallow pools along the shore; and Carl May, a boiler tender in Edgewater, New Jersey, told in 1921 of watching a cat catch eels in the Hudson River. The reporter for the *New York Sun* said Mr. May had an honest face.

Some of the world's most famous men have been attracted by cats, among those who cherished feline pets being President Calvin Coolidge, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Lord Chesterfield, Sir Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, Cardinal Richelieu, Mark Twain, and Mahomet.

This sort of thing could be continued indefinitely, but I believe I have made a case for my original statement—that if you are called catty it is a pretty high compliment.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—JOHN THOMAS PEELE



ON A spring day in 1824 all was hustle and bustle in a modest home in Peterborough, England. With the excited good-byes of friends and relatives ringing in their ears, the young Peeles, with their two-year-old son, John Thomas, were driving to Southampton to embark on a sailing vessel for the long voyage to America. Even at that early age the baby delighted in color, stretching his hands out toward the sunlight slanting on the well-scrubbed deck and refusing to part with his mother's red scarf in which he had wrapped himself.

The long trek ended in Buffalo, New York, where John Thomas received his education in the public schools. His love of form and color was still his strongest characteristic and a paint box his most prized possession. Although the boy drew and painted everyone and everything about him, his family had neither the inclination nor the financial ability to send him to art school. He continued to teach himself, however, through observation and experiment.

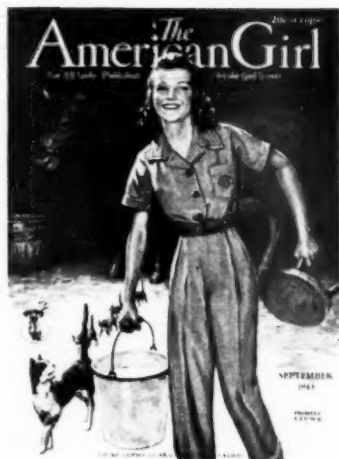
Photography was unknown in those days (although Daguerre had begun his experiments in Paris) and the demand for portraits was very great. Itinerant painters traveled about from place to place, recording the features of the city fathers and their families in oil on canvas. In his early teens, John Thomas Peele was executing such small commissions in Buffalo. For several years he traveled about painting portraits in the chief cities of the United States.

Opportunities for advancement were few at home, however, and artists of that day felt it necessary to study abroad. It was natural that Thomas Peele should choose England since his relatives were there. By the time he was nineteen he had saved the money to return to the land of his birth. There he supported

himself for the next three years by his portrait work, while he continued to learn his craft through contact with other painters. At no time during his long life did he attend an art school, or have formal instruction in art.

In 1844 he returned to America. At that time New York, provincial and unsophisticated though it was, had become a center for rising young artists, for it was here that the wealthy merchants, though they might lack genuine artistic feeling, patronized art to the extent of commissioning portraits and the small, sentimental, romantic figure-paintings that were the vogue. So it was in New York that Peele set up his studio two years later and began his career as a painter of portraits and genre pictures. (The term "genre" in painting means a style and subject matter dealing realistically with subjects of the everyday life of the time.) The titles of John Thomas Peele's pictures indicate how successful he was in satisfying the taste of the day—*Grandma's First Lesson in Knitting*, *Blowing Bubbles*, *Recitation for Grandpa*, *Village School*, *The Little Landeress*, etc. The first year of his stay in New York, he was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design. He turned more and more to the painting of children and, in spite of the sentimental idealism and romanticism of the time, he managed to give his boys and girls wholesome individuality.

Five years later he returned to England, where he opened a studio in London and became a member of the Society of British Artists. He continued for many years to exhibit in London, frequently at the Royal Academy—and also in New York. His painting, *The Pet*, reproduced as the frontispiece in this issue, was included in the Academy's exhibit, "Our Heritage," held in 1942, almost half a century after the artist's death, in 1897, at his home in Kent, England.—M. C.



LOOK FOR THE SEPTEMBER COVER FEATURING

A GIRL SCOUT MILKMAID

To promote the drive for Womanpower, sponsored by the Office of War Information and the War Manpower Commission, national magazines are devoting their September covers to illustrating different kinds of war work for women. **THE AMERICAN GIRL** cover for September, reproduced here, shows a Girl Scout farm worker wearing the official Girl Scout denims for Farm Aides and Victory Gardeners. Monte Crews is the artist.

DILSEY MERCER GETS INTO ANOTHER SCRAPE IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE



DILSEY BENT TO TIE HER SHOELACE—NOT NOTICING THAT THE CAR PARKED AT THE CURB WAS OCCUPIED

Porch Party, by Mary Avery Glen, takes Dilsey through another crisis in her life. It was as easy as falling off a log for heedless Dilsey to get into a jam—but her luck always held. You'll read about her doings with some heirloom silver, her preparations for a party, and about a stranger from Arizona.

First Lady of Engineering, by Edna Yost, is the story of Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, the woman who is top rank in her difficult profession. Dr. Gilbreth is the mother of eleven children, yet in her busy life she has found time to become one of the first ladies of Girl Scouting, too.

Lofty Sticks His Neck Out, by Edith Ballinger Price, brings back the irrepressible youngsters, Bushy and Lofty, in a comedy of errors that takes place by the seaside. Lofty gets tangled up in an amateur quiz program, and Bushy—well, wait till you read about it all in your September **AMERICAN GIRL**!

Pets On Film, by Edwin Way Teale, noted nature photographer, will tell you lots of tricks to use when you want to catch animals with your camera. Pets in action, and pets with typical expressions, are not hard to photograph if you use patience and a few tricks of the trade. You'll think up some others for yourself.

WHAT TO DO *in a blackout*

When you have an air-raid drill, just take it in your stride. Take along your flashlight, and a bottle of Dura-Gloss, and give yourself a manicure with this swell nail polish. It helps relieve the monotony, eases you over the interruption caused by the drill, and gives you the world's most beautiful fingernails. Lots of girls have adopted Dura-Gloss. It contains a special ingredient* that makes it stay on well, and it's only 10¢. Lorr Laboratories, founded by E. T. Reynolds, 200 Godwin Ave., Paterson, N. J.

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